

SPECIAL GUNS ISSUE  FAT JOE DA GANGSTA ON GUN SAFETY  ATF FOLLIES

SPY

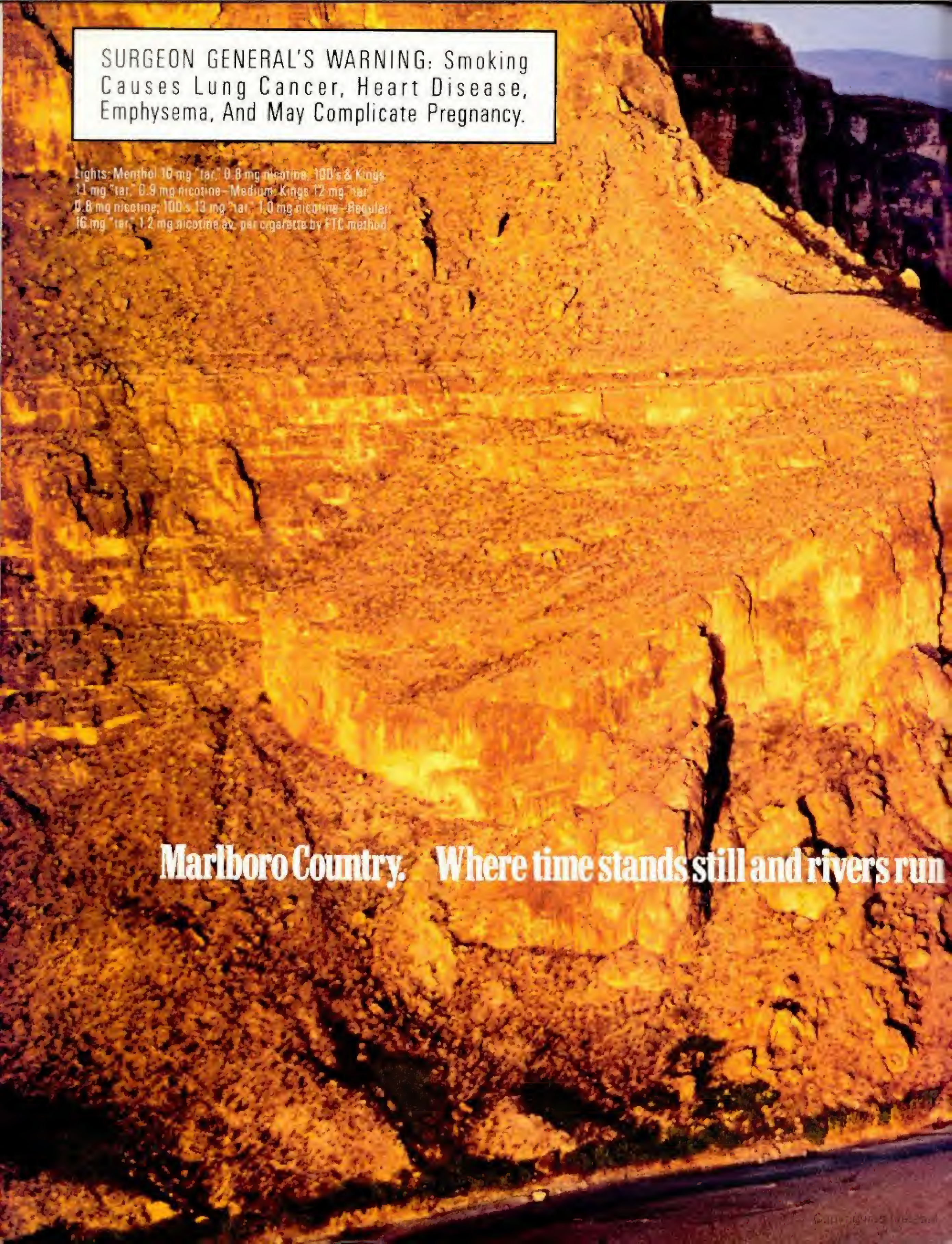
 March 1994 Vol. 8 No. 5

WHEN
**GOOD
PEOPLE
EAT IN
SHADY
PLACES**

AN EXCLUSIVE SPY REPORT ON
THE NEW MOB IN HOLLYWOOD
BY JOHN CONNOLLY

JACK NICHOLSON
as That Hungry but
Naive Celebrity



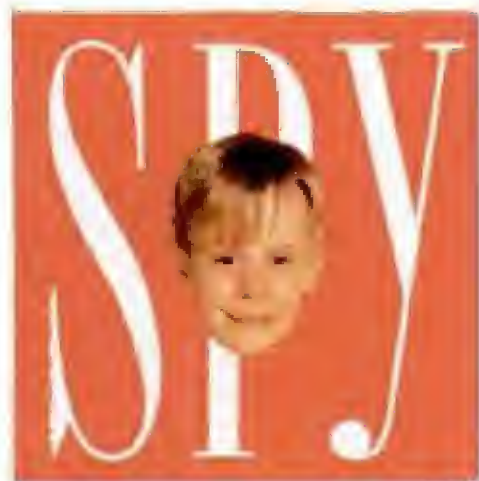


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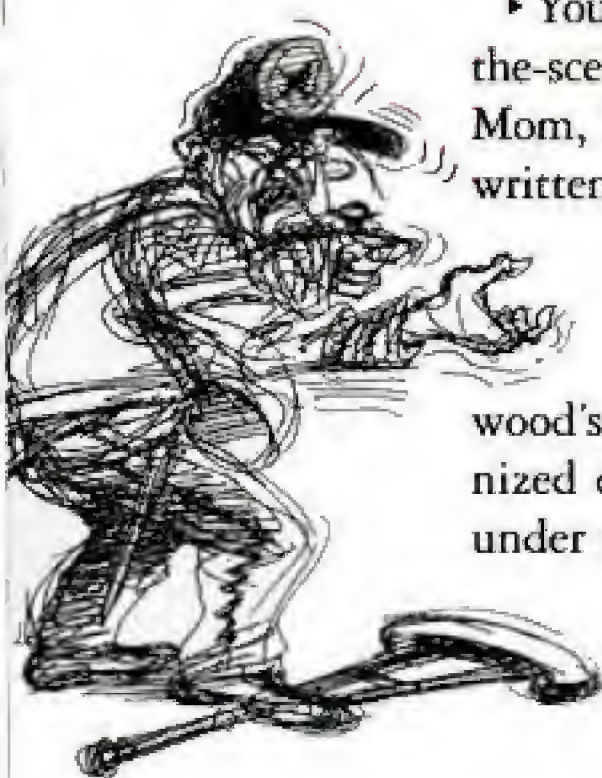
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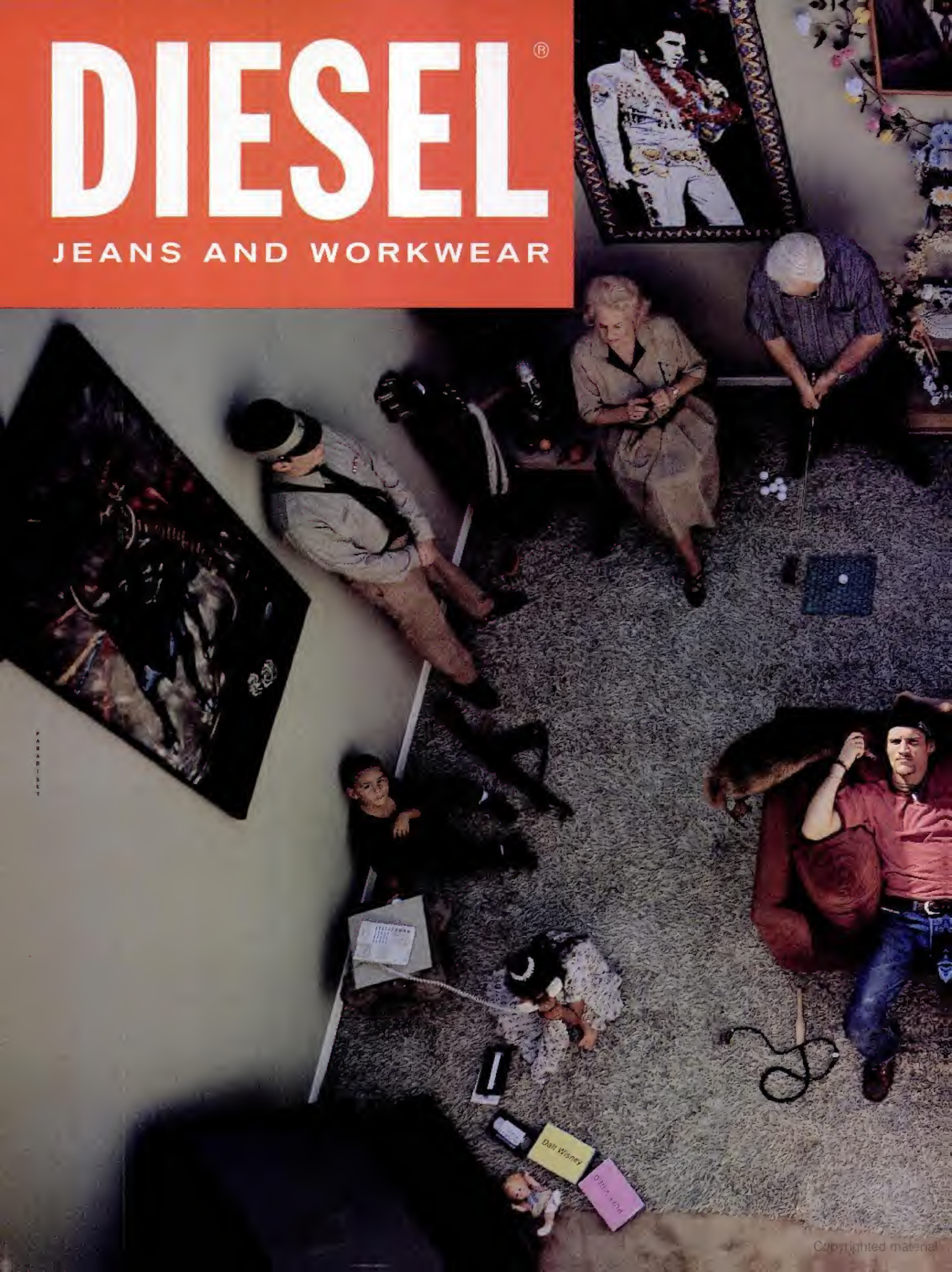
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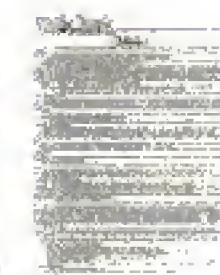
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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH! THIS MONTH, AS IF WE HAVE TO TELL YOU, MARKS THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE 11TH AMENDMENT. Oh, the Sousa music, the pyrotechnics! We'll end up watching *It's Chisolm v. Georgia, Charlie Brown!* again, but that's because we have kids, and if they can have a good time *and* learn about the action of assumpsit, that's okay with us.  But constitutional amendments aren't just for once a year. Every day can be March 4, if you *believe*. Take one day last November, for instance. Christine Schweiger, mother of three, is buying fried chicken in Milwaukee



The Glorious Fourth!

when she encounters armed teenagers. They ask her to kneel and give them her money. She resists verbally. An altercation ensues, in the course of which Christine's head is shot off. One of the teens asks later, "I'm the big man. I got the gun. Why does she have this attitude?"  What we have here is a classic case of rights in conflict—Christine's First Amendment right to speak freely vs. the teens' Second Amendment right to bear arms. These rights have been intertwined and at odds since the drafting of the compact, and are both currently under attack.

What with hate speech rending our campuses and cheaply produced foreign ammunition shaking our streets, it's not surprising that the citizenry is crying out for censorship and gun control. Their pain is felt by an administration with a practical desire to restrict firearms and an open and polemical hostility to popular music and dramatic television.



The forces in defense of these rights are hopelessly split. Many don't see their right to watch *Yo! MTV Raps* and their right to pack heat as political-scientific Siamese twins.

They should heed last January's *Soldier of Fortune* editorial: "Those who would eviscerate the Second Amendment in the name of reducing violence and protecting 'our kids' are prepared to do the same to the First Amendment. The underlying justification for Reno's attack on the First Amendment is no different than the underlying justification for the media's ongoing attack on the Second Amendment: that violence in American society...justifies the abridgment of freedoms and rights that historically have been considered fundamental and inalienable."

Of course, when we analyze any antipathy between the attorney gen-

eral and *Beavis and Butt-head*, we have to remember that, as with the weather, everyone talks about setting fires and killing children, but only Janet Reno does anything about it.

The performance artist and the survivalist should be friends. And they might be, save for the age-old argument that flares up whenever libertarians gather and plot to poison the rest of us: Whose rights did the Framers like best? Which is more sacrosanct, a citizen's unfettered access to *Backdoor Housewives II: Caught from Behind* or his or her uninfringeable privilege to own a tube-shaped device designed to move a small amount of metal a short distance at high speeds?

Free speech is more important, of course. Please patronize our advertisers.

Firearms are tools, no more, no less. They did lead to the fall of feu-

dalism, which was good. On the downside, the *touch hole*-ignited handgun of 1364 was followed by a *cock-firing* model, and on and on through a mountain of entendre and smut that reached its apex in 1974 with Lulu's theme from *The Man With the Golden Gun*.

But do guns and free speech mix? Consider: Abraham Lincoln was shot at a play, in *Ford's Theatre*. Ford was targeted by a Charles Manson follower. Manson has a song on the last Guns N' Roses CD. Guns N' Roses's videos are shown on MTV. There's a bleating and unpleasant woman named Kennedy on MTV. Coincidence?

Our hoariest High Court adage on censorship invokes a theater in which the most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man's right to falsely shout, "Fire!" No mention is made of the responsibility

to command, "Ready, aim..."

No one censors poems or novels or even magazines anymore. Just music and television. (The uproar about adolescents' watching violence is especially depressing, as if we've given up attempting to disarm our children and all we can do now is avoid getting them too worked up.) Because in America one's right to exercise free speech is in direct inverse proportion to the chance that one's audience is exercising its right to bear arms. You never know who may be watching TV—excitable minds, the servants. Broadway theater can address unpleasantnesses undreamed of by rappers—because no one who has paid \$100 for a ticket is going to shoot anyone, and also because the Broadway audience usually attends unarmed. How do we know they're unarmed? Because Tony Randall is still alive. ☾

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From the SPY Mailroom



Comparisons between SPY and various TV series are nothing new. Back in 1986, critics carped that we were aping the comic sensibility of *Mama's Family*; later, pop-culture scholars noted that many of our gags and send-ups seemed influenced by the 1960s bowling program *Make That Spare*. It was not, however, until Allison Bell of Sebastian, Florida, trained her eagle eye on the mid-1990s comic landscape that anyone dared take note of the eerie parallels between SPY and *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*.

"I love O'Brien's show because I think he's trying to fight the same kinds of battles SPY fights," effuses Bell, who proceeds to illustrate her point with a lengthy—but never dull—analysis of the last 20 years of American comedy. "Comedy heated up in the 1970s because détente liberated it," she notes, thereby explaining at long last why Jimmie "J.J." Walker didn't take full comedic flight until after the SALT treaty was signed. Then Bell observes sadly, "When the Soviets invaded Afghanistan and Reagan rattled his missiles, comedy froze." How very true—it's no coincidence that the tanks rolled into Kabul just before *Hello, Larry* got canceled.

Bell concludes by noting, "What SPY and O'Brien are trying to do is a lot subtler and harder than making a bunch of jokes." Right again—what we at SPY are really trying to do is entice people to send in odd excerpts from movie and video guides. Clinton Williams of Oakland, Michigan, obliges us with a page from the Movies Unlimited catalog, in which the 1936 western *Ridin' On* is described as follows: "Leather-slappin' action with Germaine Greer, Rex Lease. 59 min." Evidently the Depression hurt the market for provocative feminist commentary more than we knew; Ms. Greer was probably just trying to get by as best she could. Even more ►

Letters to SPY

Cool's Out

January's Great Expectations editorial, "O Cool, Cool World," was insightful. "Cool" has become everything that it was once so useful in resisting. Today's cool is institutionalized, commercialized, conformist, oppressive and exclusive. All we've done is trade the country club and church memberships, gray flannel suits and suburban aspirations that spelled acceptance in the 1950s for this week's trendiest club, the straitjacket of political correctness and whatever nonsense the fashion magazines tell us is essential this season. The active, engaged worldview has been replaced by stylish attitudes and poses. Being "cool" is simply the 1990s version of keeping up with the people next door.

Joseph Fulvio
Houston, Texas

You hit, and squarely. May the redesigned, renovated and refurbished SPY be as accurate.

One more aspect of cool: It's the rallying cry of the mediocracy. Letterman, to continue your example, needn't be funny to succeed, only cool. Cool, replacing excellence or attempt, justifies activity—or its lack. Cool creates a new hierarchy of achievement, a new aspiration. Excelsior? No, cool. Or, to quote Bob Dylan, "Oh, but you, who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,/ Bury the rag deep in your face/ For now's the time for your tears."

Aaron Barlow
Brooklyn, New York

So starting this spring SPY isn't going to be cool anymore? The two-page dissection of the word *cool* was helpful, but I still have questions. Are you going cold turkey, or will you ease

into noncooldom? What about those of us who had to go to a special training course just to understand the cool humor in our first couple of issues of SPY a few years ago? Is there a weekend seminar, or are we on our own? Will we have to endure many articles like "O Cool, Cool World"? Are you just pissed because Letterman got so rich? What will you do if all of those cool people and cool shows you mentioned decide to copy you and not be cool anymore? Will you have to go back to being cool? Oh, sorry, gotta go. That new Newhart show is on.

Rila Sims
Boca Raton, Florida

100 Degrees of Reservation

I was quite taken with "O Cool, Cool World," though I had to wonder a bit if it was some kind of subtle put-on, considering the source. But I mainly felt it embodied an interesting approach to revivifying what had recently become a rather moribund publication.

Then I came to The SPY 100 [January]. I've usually felt a pretty good sense of affinity with your top choices, but this time I couldn't believe my eyes. Seinfeld?! Maybe it's some kind of East Coast thing that I don't get, but how does the star of a slightly-more-original-than-average TV sitcom become the worst person, place or thing for a given year? Your next 20 or 30 choices are stronger candidates for the top spot. It made me wonder if the real meaning of your Great Expectations column was that you will now overreact in direct proportion but in the opposite direction to whatever happens to be popular at the moment, without regard as to whether such reactionism is called for.

I know I inhabit a much less mass-media-oriented world than you do,

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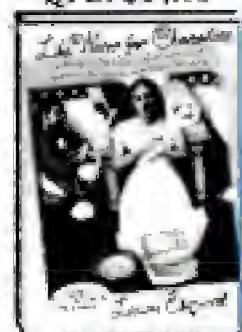
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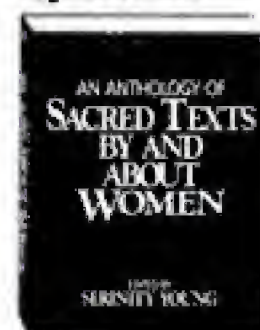
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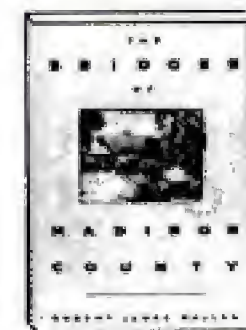
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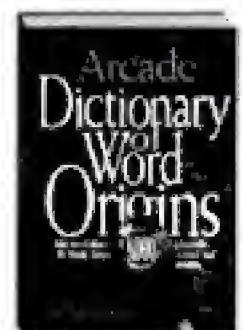
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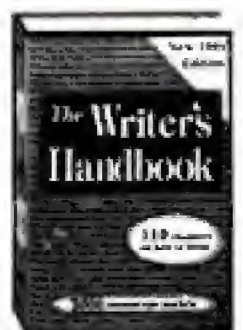
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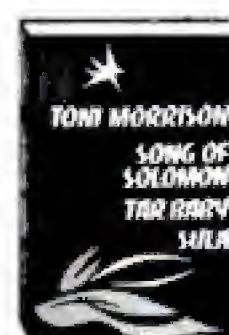
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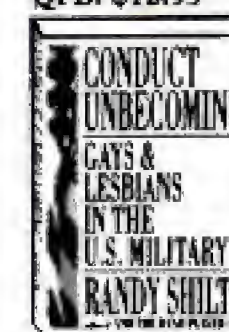
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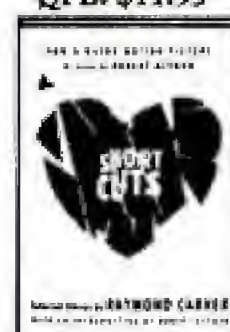
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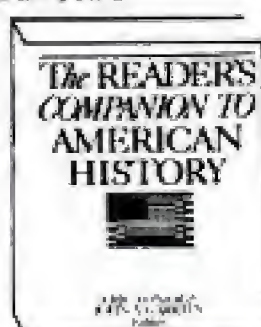
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disturbing is a page from Leonard Maltin's 1993 *Movie and Video Guide*, sent to us by Andrea Carla Michaels of San Francisco. In the entry for the 1965 Jane Fonda comedy *Cat Ballou*, Maltin lists among the stars of the film one Reginald Denny. Clearly shaken, Michaels writes, "This hit me like a ton of bricks when I saw it!" We don't wish to fuel any conspiracy theories you may or may not harbor, Andrea, so we won't mention whether an actor named Rodney King appeared as a 41st-century warrior in *Barbarella* or the plot of *The Electric Horseman* hinged on a melancholy rodeo clown named Daryl Gates.

If there's one thing we've learned in the last seven years, it's that readers will tolerate anything except an error regarding Olivia Newton-John's film career. Amy Bertsch writes all the way from England to admonish us: "Your response to Mr. Case's Letter Re. Start of the 80s (Dec 93/Jan 94) contained a factual error. I believe *Xanadu* opened in August of that summer, not in July. The soundtrack was released earlier in the summer, but the film opened about August 8." While we encourage our readers to correct us on all matters Newton-Johnian, we find Bertsch's letter belligerent and not at all in keeping with the generous spirit of the movie she claims to know so well. Just as lovers of Shakespeare can amicably argue over whether *Macbeth* was written in 1605 or 1606, our disagreement over the exact release date of *Xanadu* should not prevent us from giving thanks that this classic depiction of the roller-disco phenomenon exists at all.

Shelia Jones matches Bertsch's bile and then some in a letter regarding our October Party Poop reference to Georgette Mosbacher as a "Texas Tomato." You can probably guess Jones's complaint: "Georgette Mosbacher is not a Texan. She is married to a Texan. In Texas we have a saying: 'You can become an American, but you have to be born a Texan.' We also have a saying in Texas about women like Georgette: 'She married up.'" Jones's letter displays all the Texas grit and Lone Star gumption you'd expect from a resident of Venice, ▶

but if you think the worst thing in the world is a comedian who has found a serendipitous—and probably short-lived—popularity greater than his just deserts, then you should rethink your makeover and just throw in the towel. When you figure that *Seinfeld* is worse than the Clintons, then you need a new grading system or a new sense of what is real and what is TV. Could it be that the Quayle syndrome has invaded SPY? I hope not.

Rob Glaser

Chicago, Illinois

By "Quayle syndrome," do you mean the affliction that compels men from the Midwest to attack media outlets on both coasts? Just wondering.

101 SPY, January 1994

MISDEEDS: Way-over-the-top, puffed-up editorial about how superimportant SPY is going to suddenly get sometime this spring; gushing, embarrassing letter in praise of the "high-quality verbiage" of the editor-at-large

MITIGATING FACTORS: Drew Friedman; Roy Blount Jr.; Mark O'Donnell; Lazlo Toth; Ellis Weiner; *Retails* parody; The SPY 100; swell pictures

BONUS POINTS: Uh, yeah, but it's, like, the Encyclopedia of Pop Culture's fault, man, I mean, like, we're cool, but they totally blew it [Letters to SPY]

CYBERSCORE: Word cyber used a jillion times

Name, address withheld

A splendid SPY 100, but with one serious error: No. 86 should have been "Soda Jerks"—the training of candy-counter people at Cineplex Odeon movie theaters to say, "For just 25 cents more you can have a medium." If I wanted a medium, goddammit, I'd ask for a medium.

Tom Dunlop

New York

If we wanted your suggestions, Tom, we'd ask for your suggestions.

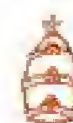
Regarding this year's SPY 100, two words: Where's Rush?

Steve Omlid

San Francisco, California ▶

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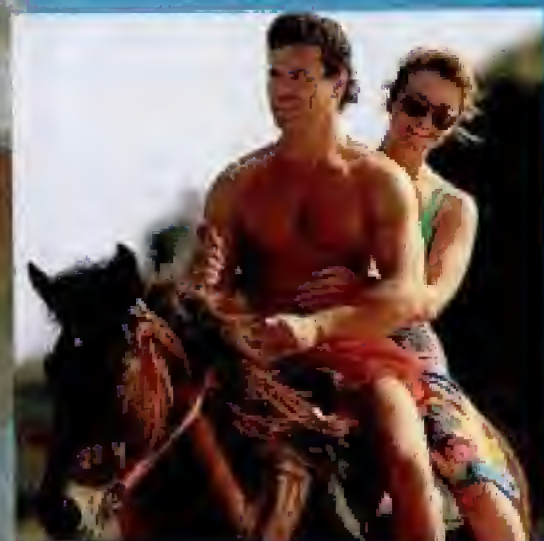
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California, which is where she lives. We don't begrudge Jones the right to stake out her own little Amarillo on the Pacific; in fact, we have a saying in New York about women like Shelia: "You don't have to be from Venice, California, to be tragically confused, but it helps."

To our knowledge, no one, not even Shelia Jones, has ever claimed that Red River Dave is anything less than a bona fide Texas treasure. A press release for Dave's latest single recently caught our fancy, not least of all because of its snappy lead: **"AN OLD SINGING COWBOY FROM TEXAS WHO HAS BEEN WRITING AND SINGING SONGS FROM THE HEADLINES FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS WITH HIS GUITAR ON THE RADIO, RECORDS AND TELEVISION IS RELEASING HIS LATEST TOPICAL SONG THIS WEEK, WHICH HE CALLS HIS 'SENIOR CITIZEN ABUSE SONG,' 'A WALK BY THE CADILLAC BAR.'"** Granted, the first half of that lovingly crafted sentence may be a trifle unnecessary—after all, what music fan doesn't know that Red River Dave has been singing songs from the headlines for more than 50 years? Anyone of a certain age remembers Red River Dave's knowing yodels about the Suez Canal crisis. And it's almost impossible to think back to the Ford administration without hearing Dave imploring us, in his easy bluegrass rhythms, to **Whip Inflation Now**.

What you may not have realized, however, is that Red River Dave is as beloved abroad as he is at home. As his press release reports, **"ONE OF DAVE'S EARLY HITS, 'AMELIA EARHART'S LAST FLIGHT,' IS ENJOYING A NEW SURGE OF POPULARITY, BEING PLAYED ON THE RADIO THROUGHOUT EUROPE, ACCORDING TO A NEW ASCAP SURVEY."** This ASCAP report is, handily enough, included with the press release, and vividly tells the tale of a continent gone loco for Red River Dave: Radio play of "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight" earned Dave \$9.11 in residuals in Britain alone, and another \$8.62 in Norway. We're hoping Dave's immense popularity will prompt a détente with our trade foes in Europe, and hence thaw comedy out once again. ☺

By any standards, a "Worst of the Year" *must* include Kurt and Courtney.

Jacque Rowden

Union City, New Jersey

Kurt and Courtney didn't make the list because they split the "Ill-Kempt Young Couple" vote with Brad Pitt and Juliette Lewis. As for Rush, he landed at No. 437 on our extended list, just behind "Those Economically Vibrant Mountain States" and just ahead of Leo Sayer.

Jazz Razz

I was beginning to regret that I'd allowed two well-dressed hoodlums who came to my door to con me into increasing my SPY subscription by four years by saying (*sous-entendu*, of course) that if I didn't give them a check, they would come back and burglarize my house. Then I read Joe Queenan's "Admit It! It Sucks! Part I: Jazz" [January]. It's well written, funny and tells a truth I've always secretly believed but never dared say—jazz sucks. Keep up the good work.

Alan Young

North Tarrytown, New York

Thank goodness for Joe Queenan's incisive article. To think that I simply saw jazz music as a free-spirited, improvisational music format.

I am going to use the money I'd saved to see my next jazz show for a better purpose now that I know that jazzmen "play 32-minute sets, including encores, and spend half the time haranguing you." Perhaps I can catch Guns N' Roses instead. And good heavens, all those jazz cats were junkies? It's time to sell my bebop CDs and invest in the broader, better spectrum of rock 'n' roll to which Queenan compared jazz. *Hmmm...Hendrix? The Mamas and the Papas? Maybe some early Who with Keith Moon on drums? Thank you, Joe Queenan. I have seen the light.*

Jeff Wherley

Coshocton, Ohio

I broke down Joe Queenan's hatred for jazz into five categories and have concluded that he must think *all*

music blows (or at least classical, country and rock; rap was too easy even to bother comparing):

(1) **"Goofy" Names:** What about Itzhak Perlman, Yo-Yo Ma, Luciano Pavarotti; Dwight Yoakam, Dolly Parton, Garth Brooks; Fabian, Art Garfunkel?

(2) **Bad Nicknames/Group Names:** Philharmonia Virtuosi; "Tennessee" Ernie Ford, the Foggy Mountain Boys; Peter "Herman" Noone, It's a Beautiful Day, Pete "Towser" Townshend?

(3) **Bad Cover Songs:** *A Classic Case of Jetbro Tull* (London Symphony Orchestra), *Hooked on...*; "Daydream Believer" (Anne Murray); "My Bonnie" (the Beatles), *A Very Special Christmas* (various artists)?

(4) **Old-Guy Domination:** Beethoven, Stravinsky, Wagner; Grandpa Jones, Hank Williams Sr.; Jerry Garcia, Mick Jagger, Billy Joel?

(5) **Drug Use:** Hector Berlioz; Johnny Cash; Ray Charles, Sid Vicious, David Crosby, Clapton, Lennon, the Jefferson Airplane, the Dead?

The bitterness that laced Queenan's column suggested to me that there are some failed saxophone lessons in his past.

Mark Terry

Spring City, Pennsylvania

Jazz sucks? Queenan, get a hobby, or get laid—do something with your spare time. I'll admit I don't like every jazz artist, but to dismiss the entire art form and all its contributors as junk is insane. Joe Queenan is obviously an asshole on a crusade. It's hard for me to believe that an exceptional magazine like SPY would find it difficult during these ripe days of phoniness, fraud, deceit and egomania to come up with better material. The page and a half you devoted to this column was truly wasted.

Maybe photography sucks, too. How about wine? I know, magazines—they suck! Yeah! You should print an apology for such a stupid piece.

David Dorn

Manager of National Publicity

Rhino Records

Los Angeles, California

Other Voices, Other Letters

I just read "Cause Celebs" [by Carol Vinzant], in the November 1993 issue. Yes, celebrities can be silly, vain, childish and full of crap, but if they can stop timber interests, or mining companies, or oil companies, from damaging any more of this truly magical landscape, so be it. It would do everyone at SPY good if on occasion you got up from behind your Macintoshes, opened a row of grit-streaked windows on the upper floors of your corporate office and focused your collective gaze beyond Central Park. Ted Danson, Barbra Streisand and the lot may be rich white putzes, but, hey, at least they're putzes on the right side.

Patrick Miller

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Please be patient while we correct your many errors: (1) We do not use Macintoshes, but rather one multi-user Cray supercomputer; (2) the windows in the Mies van der Rohe-designed SPY Building do not open; and (3) the last time we checked, Ted Danson didn't look like such a rich white putz at all.

Thanks to Brian Jacobsmeier for pointing out journalism's overuse of the phrase *the size of a baby's fist* ["Infant Formula," January]. But somehow he missed these comparisons of other parts of the body to, well, you know:

"[Lenin's] brain is shriveled and small. No cross section is **bigger than a baby's fist**."—Andrew Higgins, *The Independent*, November 1, 1993

"The head of the artificial nose, **about the size of a baby's fist**, is lowered into a pint pot and dangled just above the surface of a sample taken from the brew."—Harry Pugh, *Sunday Times*, April 25, 1993 (if you were a journalist named Pugh, would you consider it in your best interest to write about artificial noses?)

"William Forsythe, with a pug nose **like a balled-up baby's fist**, shows signs of life...."—Rod Dreher, *Washington Times*, January 11, 1993

Gregory Cowles

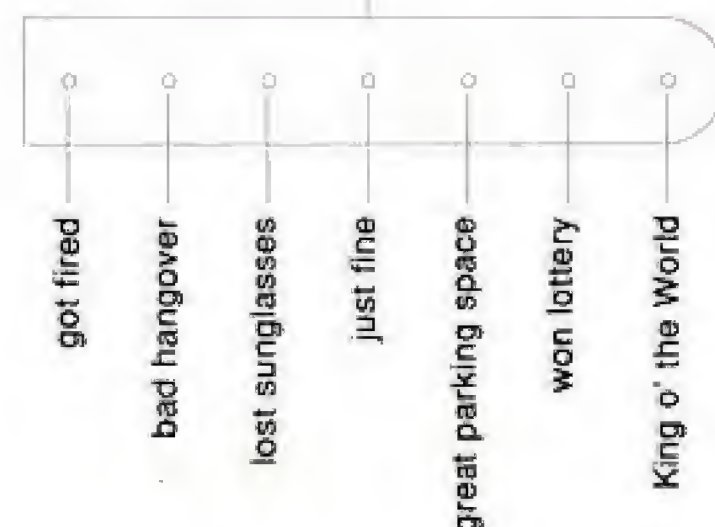
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IN MEMORIAM

B. W. Honeycutt, who died on January 12 of this year, came to SPY as its second art director in 1988, at a time when the magazine was flush with its first national success. The original design of SPY—acrobatic typography, idea-driven graphics and illustrations by exciting newcomers—was as much a reason for its notoriety in the magazine industry as its editorial content, but by 1988 it was being widely imitated. It was therefore time for a series of subtle changes that would once again make SPY unique without rendering it unrecognizable. B.W. performed this exquisitely difficult balancing act with brilliance for the next three years. Among his most celebrated covers were the less-than-completely-flattering blowup of the first Mrs. Trump for the IVANARAMA! issue and the computer-generated impregnation of Bruce Willis, parodying another magazine's Demi Moore cover. B.W. received silver medals from the Society of Publication Designers and *Photo Design*, and his department's work was recognized by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Art Directors' Club, *American Illustration*, *Print*, *HOW* and *Graphic Design in America*, among others. But it was also his unflagging good cheer, constant wit, North Carolina gentility, mellifluous baritone, perfectionism and devotion that helped make SPY a splendid atmosphere in which to work and create; his presence made everyone else's job a little easier and a lot more pleasurable. He left his SPY family too soon. ☾

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Part III: The Civil War

You know the feeling: Some friends call and invite you down to their house in Charlottesville, Virginia. There'll be pecan pie, horseback riding and, of course, that old barn burner between Virginia and Virginia Tech. But the real lure—the bait they know you can't refuse—is a chance to visit some of the important landmarks of the War Between the States. Your friends, huge Civil War buffs, are real tight with this 103-year-old lady who just happens to be Stonewall Jackson's niece, and she'll be taking everyone on a guided tour of the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Richmond, Appomattox and, yes, even Bull Run. Sound like fun or what?

You can hardly suppress your enthusiasm. Ever since PBS ran that nine-part series about the Civil War three years ago, you can't get that titanic struggle for the nation's soul out of your thoughts. You *positively love* Civil War history—the War Between the States was the crucible in which this Mighty Union was forged, and that brother-vs.-brother imagery hits you right in the pit of your stomach every time. You adore Civil War films like *Glory*; your eyes get all misty whenever you hear "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—particularly when it's sung by Mahalia Jackson—and one of your lifelong ambitions has been to free up enough time to read Shelby Foote's peerless, three-volume, 2,976-page history of the Civil War. Oh, yes, you'd love to visit Fredericksburg, Richmond, Appomattox and Bull Run with Stonewall Jackson's niece.

But then you remember: Your apartment needs a paint job, your car's been acting up lately, there's the new Laurie Anderson show at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this Friday, and, oh yeah, your mom's planning to come up for the weekend. So reluctantly, remorsefully, you beg off.

But after you put down the phone, you have to be honest with yourself and admit that the real reason you turned down that trip to Charlottesville

isn't because of your apartment or your car or Laurie Anderson's new show or your mom. The real reason you backed out is because deep down inside, you harbor a dark secret that millions of other Americans share with you but never, ever dare to admit in public.

The Civil War sucks.

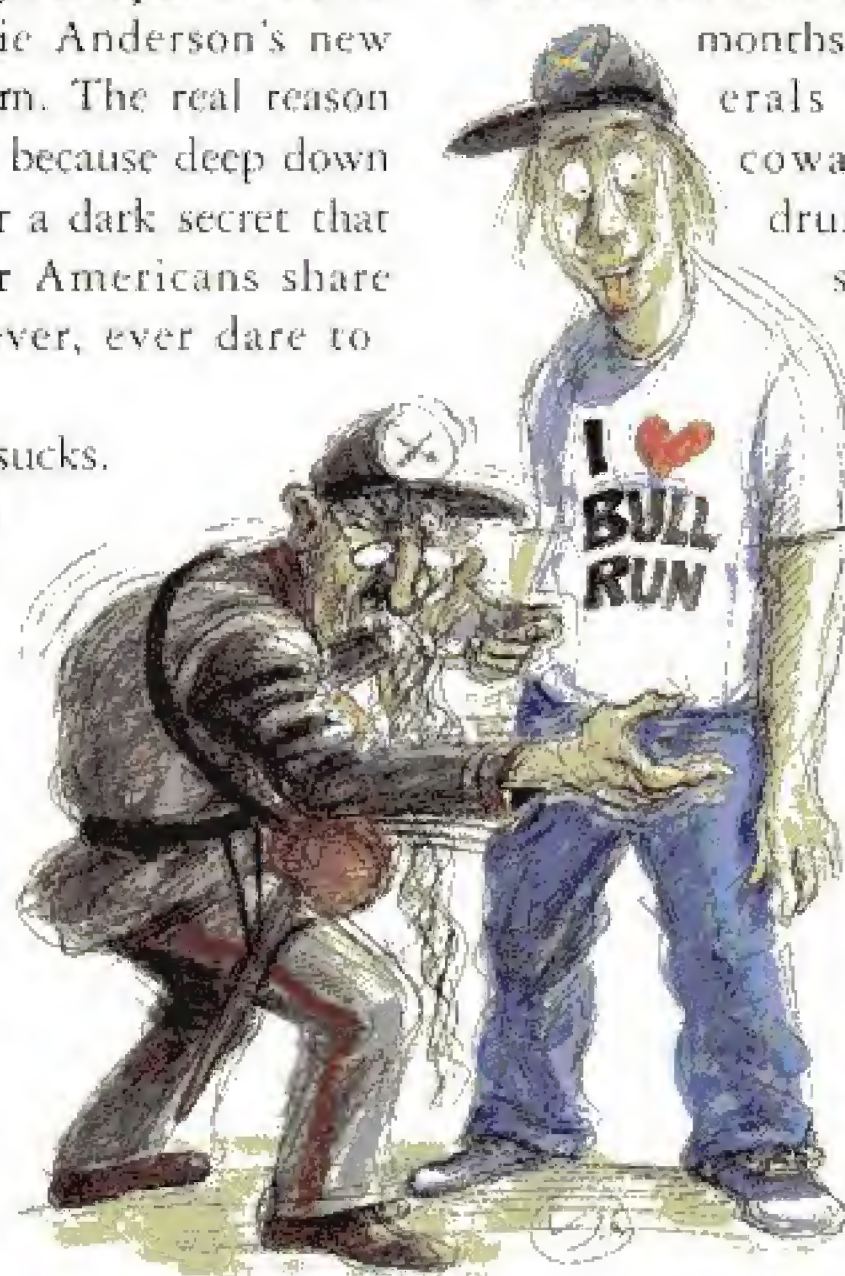
Admit it and you'll feel a whole lot better. Ever since you were a kid, you've despised the Civil War, an inglorious, unheroic and wretchedly downscale series of horrid massacres pitting scraggly gangs of racist, barefoot, poorly equipped Neanderthal rustics against a sea of inept but numerous urbanites in a pointless confrontation that schoolchildren are still taught to believe was fought for moral principles, when everyone knows it was fought over money. Ever since you were a little kid, you've dreaded words like *Gettysburg* and *Chancellorsville*, bland theme parks for the dead where Civil War-buff teachers used to

drag you on class trips when you'd really rather have been in New York City, Disney World or even Asbury Park learning something useful. Ever since you were a little kid, you've had a niggling suspicion that, compared with the Peloponnesian War, Caesar's Gallic Wars, the Crusades, the Napoleonic Wars or World Wars I and II, the American Civil War was a hokey, small-time, ginsu-knife affair that would have been over in three

months if the North's generals hadn't all been cowards, bunglers or drunks. The only reason people visit Gettysburg is because it's easier to get to than Waterloo, el-Alamein, Stalingrad or Hastings, battlefields where genuinely important historical events took place. Bull Run? Bull *Shit*.

By every criterion imaginable, the Civil War is a hopeless failure. Certainly we are taught as impressionable schoolchildren to believe that the Civil War was a noble crusade to free the slaves. But by the time

we reach adulthood, most of us either *are* white people or have been *around* enough white people to know that white people just don't do things like that—it isn't in their DNA. And unlike other famous wars, which were suffused with brilliant strategic ploys



**Ever since you were a little kid,
you've dreaded words like
Gettysburg and *Chancellorsville***

such as Hannibal's sneaking over the Alps with his elephants or Nelson's slipping between the French fleet and the Egyptian shoreline at the Battle of the Nile, the Civil War was a dreary series of slogging hecatombs in which the Union expended vast amounts of manpower to defeat absurdly outnumbered, poorly equipped rebels who never had a chance to win a war they had no business starting in the first place. The North vs. the South at Vicksburg was like a fistfight between you and your three-year-old niece Brittany—with Brittany blindfolded. Gettysburg involved about as much tactical genius as a contest between the Indianapolis Colts and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

If Americans were really honest with themselves, they would admit that few words in the entire English language inspire more pure dread than *Civil War*. What was the novel that tens of millions of Americans grew up loathing? *The Red Badge of Courage*. What's the movie that your Aunt Emily always drools over? *Gone With the Wind*. What was that horrible song Elvis used to bring the house down with just before he died? "American Trilogy"—featuring "Dixie," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "All My Trials," Cuisinarted together in one odious smorgasbord of patriotic twaddle. *Gone With the Wind*, indeed.

The movie we should really be paying attention to is *The Miracle Worker*. About halfway through this inspirational classic, the Keller family is sitting around the dinner table chatting when suddenly the deaf, dumb and blind Helen, played by Patty Duke, throws an unbelievable fit and starts breaking all the furniture in the house. Why would she unexpectedly explode in such a fit of rage? Easy. She threw a fit because her dad was discussing Ulysses S. Grant's siege strategy at the Battle of Vicksburg. Even though the kid is deaf, dumb and blind, she can *sense* that another idiotic conversation about the War Between the States,

conducted by a pair of pedantic Civil War buffs, is taking place a few feet away. So she loses it.

Don't we all feel some of Helen Keller's rage deep down inside? Thanks to Civil War buffs, we've got mind-numbing board games with names like Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, in which geeky teachers' pets manipulate a bunch of cardboard armies in a prepubescent effort to recreate the great one-sided battles of the past. Thanks to Civil War buffs, we've got Raymond Massey as Young Abe Lincoln, Henry Fonda as Young Abe Lincoln, Sam Waterston as Young Abe Lincoln.

Thanks to Civil War buffs, we've got unreadable crap like *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All* and washed-up first basemen like Keith Hernandez who would rather talk about the silence at Appomattox in 1865 than the silence at Shea Stadium in 1987. Thanks to Civil War buffs, the Disney Company's perfectly wonderful plan to build an amusement park that normal people might actually *enjoy* a few miles down the road from Manassas Battlefield may now be deep-sixed. Thanks a lot, Civil War buffs. Thanks for books like *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, written by a redneck fascist, that make redneck fascists seem like heroes. Thanks for all that horrible Walt Whitman poetry. Thanks for "O Captain, My Captain." Thanks for "Sic semper tyrannis" or "Sic semper fidelis" or whatever it was that screwy asshole was hollering while leaping from the balcony at Ford's Theatre. Thanks for Confederate flags that bikers can wrap around their foreheads. Thanks for the Ku Klux Klan. Thanks for movies like *The Birth of a Nation* that the Ku Klux Klan used as recruiting films. Thanks for expressions like "You ain't just whistlin' 'Dixie.'"

Let's face it: The only good thing that ever came out of the Civil War was the remark "Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play?" And Mrs. Lincoln, a retard, probably didn't get the joke.

—Joe Queenan

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Pianist Worship

Everybody's happy over at Sony these days, and nobody's happier than Tommy Mottola. He (still) has a new wife *and* a new title. He also has the praises of Sony Music Entertainment chairman-CEO Mickey Schulhof, who gives Mottola much of the credit for doubling the U.S. division's profits and increasing revenues by 50 percent.

What Mottola doesn't have is a lawsuit on his hands that could have dragged his old pal Allen Grubman's name (not to mention his own) through the mud.

A protégé of (and eventual successor to) record-biz guru Walter Yetnikoff, Mottola was named president and COO of Sony Music Entertainment last fall. As president of Sony Music stateside, he let the Rolling Stones jump ship for a \$44 million deal with Virgin and was called to task for neglecting George "You Gotta Have Faith" Michael, who's still trying to extricate himself from his Sony contract. But Mottola may be the only reason Billy Joel is still a Sony boy. The killer pianist's \$90-million lawsuit against superattorney Grubman and associates was suddenly settled out of court last fall.

The settlement was widely interpreted as further testament to Grubman's industry superpowers. But sources close to the case say otherwise. According to insiders, it was Mottola, via Sony, who made good to Joel by boosting his royalties, reportedly from 15–18 percent to some 25 percent. That puts Joel in the same royalty league as Prince and Madonna.

The suit, filed in connection with another, still-pending \$90 million suit against Joel's former manager and brother-in-law, Frank Weber, claimed that Grubman's firm, while representing Joel, paid kickbacks to Weber and failed to oversee Weber's handling of Joel's finances. Grubman denied the charges.

(In 1984 artist manager Sandy Linzer filed a suit claiming Grubman was showing more allegiance to Linz-

er's partner. The partner was none other than Mottola. The Linzer tort was also settled out of court.)

According to an affidavit filed in connection with the Joel suit, Grubman and firm partner Arthur Indursky once loaned Weber's horse farm \$250,000—money Weber used to buy a racehorse. (Grubman's attorney said his client didn't know what the loan was for.) Several months later the horse died; Weber collected the insurance and paid Grubman and Indursky back with interest. In May 1992, Grubman and Indursky told an FBI investigator that another investor had heard from Weber of a plan to send one of his ponies to the glue factory and collect the insurance. That other investor? Insiders say Mottola.

Mottola had once invested some of his and then-client Daryl Hall's money in a horse owned by the late Morris Levy, the record-biz maven and convicted extortionist. It was at Levy's horse farm that Mottola

met Louis Gigante, the priest with close ties to the Genovese family. Real close. His brother Vincent "the Chin" is its capo.

Small world.

But then it's no surprise that Mottola and Grubman have been bedfellows for years, since they share a professional patron. Besides brokering the deal that turned CBS Records into Sony, then—CBS Records president Yetnikoff effectively put Mottola and Grubman on the record-industry map.

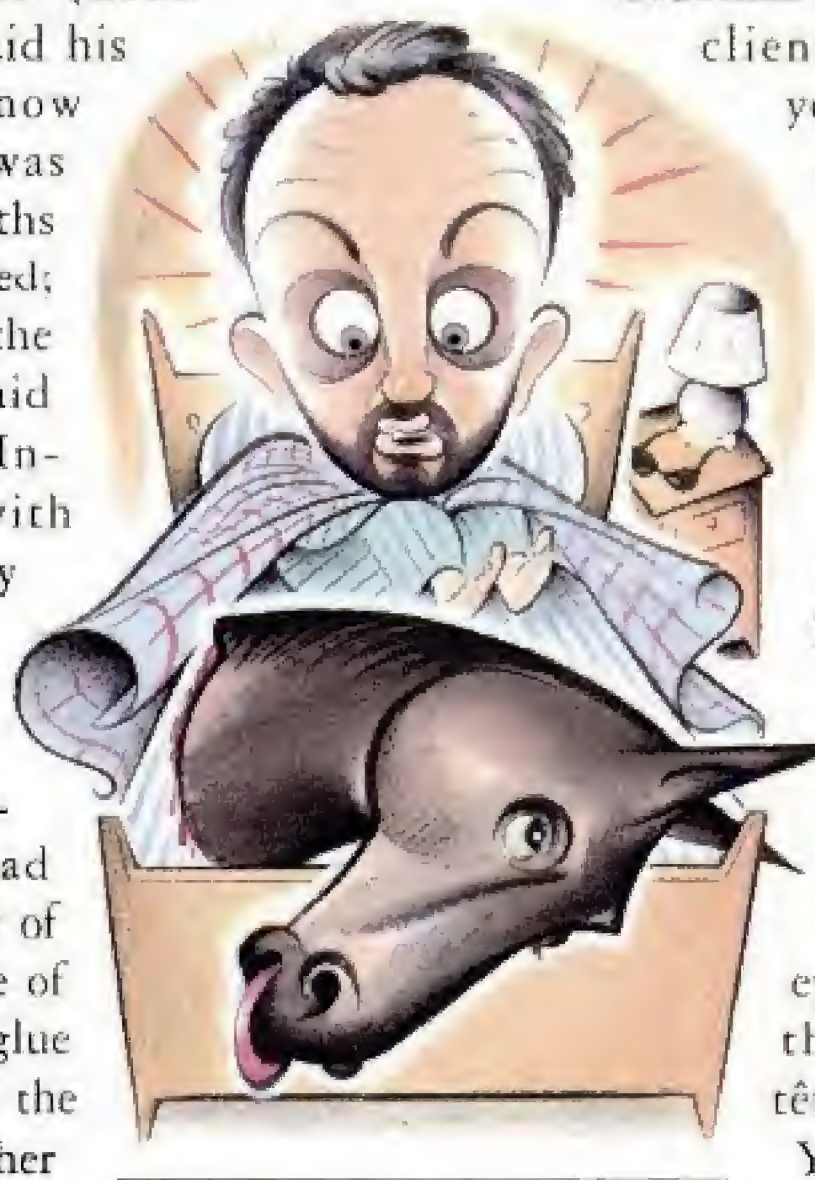
When he first met Yetnikoff in 1977, Grubman's big rock act was Hall and Oates. The duo was managed by Mottola's Champion Entertainment. Yetnikoff took a liking to

Grubman and started steering clients his way. In ten years, Grubman was representing about 30 percent of the CBS roster, including Billy Joel and Bruce Springsteen.

Shortly after Yetnikoff's September 1990 dismissal, a meeting was held in the Hamptons. The guest list included Grubman, Mottola and Mickey Schulhof. During their tête-à-tête-à-tête, Schulhof offered Yetnikoff's old job to Grubman. "Nah," replied Grubman. "But why don't you give it to my good friend Tommy?"

The good friend was happy to accept, happy to oblige. Making-People-Happy is Tommy's middle name.

—Johnny Barratt



Doing the pony in the middle of the night

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Background music—the dulcet tones that get you humming “La Isla Bonita” as you browse through

the frozen-foods aisle—is really a diabolical scheme to improve sales and well-being in business settings. So if you’re spending longer in the Piggly Wiggly and don’t know why, you’re a perfectly normal

brainwashing victim. But if you find yourself cutting a rug in the dentist’s office, be very afraid.

Artists who have stood the test of time in Muzak history:

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Popular Muzak track of the 90’s:
“Yesterday” (contemporary jazz arrangement)

Artists Muzak customers have asked to hear less of:

Air Supply, Judy Collins

Song whose day is over in the background-music genre, according to Muzak’s executive programmer, Tom Killorin:

“Up, Up and Away in My Beautiful Balloon”

Tom Killorin in defense of Muzak’s hypnotic nature:

“We’re not trying to get people to dance on their desks here.”



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~ How To ~ Be A Grown-Up Without Being A Geezer

A Guide to Life and Leisure,
From Hip-Hop to Bunny Hop

S ometime during the 80’s, your father probably clapped you on the shoulders and barked, “Live it up! These are the best years of your life!” And when you stood outside yourself, watching a devil-may-care youth accessorize campus statues with Groucho Marx glasses, toilet paper and safe-sex accoutrements, you knew Dad was right. It couldn’t get better than this.

But now your mattress is off the floor, your posters are framed, and your carpet isn’t some Sears remnant scrap that imparts a fermented aroma when the radiator’s on. You’ve discovered that drinks taste better out of real glasses, and have yet to wax nostalgic for 20-ounce plastic cups emblazoned with Greek insignias.

You are a grown-up. Who knew it would be this good? Yet there are moments, no doubt, when this advancement in age offends your hippest sensibilities. How long, you wonder, before some whippersnapper overhears you on the bus croaking, “I don’t know what the kids see in this Beaver and Bumphead...?”

Don’t worry. Just because you’ve mellowed a bit, it doesn’t mean you’ve mildewed. Before you trade your best club moves for a life of conga lines, pour yourself a Dewar’s and take heart: you can be a grown-up without becoming a geezer. If these tips don’t help, the prune juice is on us. **Dewar’s**

DO YOU PARTY LIKE UNCLE MARTY?

a diagnostic personality quiz

Answer True or False to the following:

☐ ☐ I pick all the cashews out of the assorted-nut bowl and comment to anyone nearby that “I’m a cashew-picker, myself.”

☐ ☐ I consider the twist an all-purpose dance step, appropriate for all “youthful” music.

☐ ☐ I bewitch small children at family gatherings with hilarious “pull my finger” trick.

☐ ☐ I often ask the band/DJ to adjust the music



because it has a distasteful and satanic beat.

☐ ☐ I leave a residue of chewed cracker when I kiss people on the cheek.

☐ ☐ I joke that there’s a hole in my glass each time I ask the bartender for a refill.

☐ ☐ I gesture for them to raise the stick just an eensy bit when it’s my turn at limbo.

☐ ☐ I think aspic is a very fancy treat.

☐ ☐ I say “Whew!” every time I dip on the dance floor.

☐ ☐ I always get the bandleader to hand over the mike for just one song.

☐ ☐ If I had my way, every party would have a Polynesian theme.

YOUR SCORE: 1-3 True answers, you can still get help; 4-8, you may already be wearing leisure suits; 9-11, go ahead and buy that wood-paneled station wagon.

I.V. League

The prevailing image of twentysomething cool (endless lounging to soundtrack accompaniment on MTV's *The Real World*) doesn't usually include a portrait of Alan Geller enduring another lung lavage for rent money. "A tube goes up your nose, down your throat and into your lung," Geller explains. "Then they somehow scrape the lung's inner lining with that tube to collect macrophages."

As a young veteran of the medical-testing industry, Geller has learned enough about his macrophages to know that they're worth \$100 a sample. He has participated in ten scientific studies over two years, consenting, for a price, to ingest more trial drugs than he can remember the names of, then dutifully filling cups with urine, vials with blood and Tupperware with stool whenever he is asked.

Because the FDA requires evidence that a new drug is safe on both laboratory animals and underemployed, healthy humans before it can be consumed by the public, pharmaceutical companies pay volunteers to sample the 2,600 new drugs that are developed each year.

The job can be painful. Geller agreed on one occasion to have his forearms heated until they blistered. "They cut the skin off the blisters and put some experimental drug on it," he says of the recent study at a Pennsylvania hospital. "It hurt, but it earned me \$500 in eight hours."

Other professional volunteers are consenting to odder requests for less money.

In Toronto, Steve Gravestock accepted \$25 for sitting, pants down, with an inflatable rubber ring around his penis while deviancy experts closely monitored his response to pictures of naked nine-year-olds.

In Madison, Wisconsin, \$10 enticed Gilly Costello to allow electric charges to be delivered to her eyelids. "For every time I correctly said whether a jolt was stronger or weaker than the previous jolt," she explains, "I got an extra dime. In an hour of

electric shocks, I probably earned 90 additional cents."

In Charlottesville, Virginia, John Pence ate two meals of radioactive chicken stew so that curious researchers could study the effect of pain on his digestion. Using an X-ray machine to monitor the food's path, the doctors allowed Pence to enjoy the first helping pain-free. "The next day they served the same meal, only this time they put my hand in ice water until I was screaming," he says. "I never knew ice water could hurt that bad."

Pence earned \$200 and two 30 cent laxatives for his time—about six hours. Most medical studies that pay participants, however, are not completed so quickly. Subjects are usually required to spend three to seven days and nights at a test center, where they are administered an experimental drug under controlled conditions and heightened scrutiny. The drug's rate of absorption, its side effects and its

ultimate excretion are all closely monitored. The studies, which pay about \$100 a day plus room and board, are usually limited to healthy young males—for fear of affecting a woman's fertility or possible pregnancy—even though women are just as likely as men to use the average drug that the FDA approves.

The primary foe in any overnight study is boredom. Patrick Power, a veteran of 25 medical studies, says, "There is absolutely nothing to do all day except take your dose and wait. And bleed, of course." Blood drawings

are such a common element of drug tests that the regulars typically develop visible scars. "You get stuck so many times that your arms look like a junkie's," Power says.

But where boredom and scars are tolerated, side effects are roundly feared, not only for their unpleasantness but because they cost the sufferer money. "A lot of guys won't say if a drug is making them sick," Power explains. "They know that if they tell the staff about any bad side effects, they'll probably be thrown off the study, for their own good." Partial completion of a drug trial is generally compensated with only partial payment.

David B., who has completed 14 trials of unapproved drugs (and requested anonymity), confirms the impulse to hide side effects. "After getting dosed on an antihistamine study, I took a



**"Nothing to do except
take your dose and wait.
And bleed, of course."**

shower," he says, "and I started to feel dizzy." His next memory is of waking up on the shower's floor with the water still running over him. He never reported the incident. "Thank God nobody saw me, because I'd have been sent home with only \$200 of the \$800 I was expecting to earn," he says, effortlessly undermining any confidence one might have in FDA-approved medicines while simultaneously lending credence to the standard alibi from pharmaceutical companies that *it didn't cause any side effects in the trial stage*.

Money is, predictably, the chief motivation for the volunteers. More surprising, though, is the uniform sentiment they share that testing unapproved drugs is shrewder and more fun than work. "Busting ass on some job depresses the hell out of me," Power says, "so I'll do anything to avoid that."

Pence, who ate the radioactive chicken, says, "You don't *work* on a drug study. That's the genius of it. *Other* people work on *you* while you sit around, get fed and get paid."

And there are other benefits too. "All volunteers get a complete physical with blood work and chest X-ray free," says Helen Fay, head recruiter at Riverview Clinical Studies, a testing center in Eatontown, New Jersey. "That's a couple hundred dollars of medical care right there."

As for the risks, the regulars tend to dismiss the danger of their work. "If they're testing the drug on people," Pence reasons, "it must be pretty safe. The FDA wouldn't let them give us anything *too* dangerous."

But in fact, participants in these trials are commonly the first humans ever to take the drug being studied. Even people who are sick and willing to try experimental medicines are not permitted access to unapproved drugs until folks like Pence, Power and Geller have downed them. And because an overwhelming majority (about 7,000 to 1) of drugs tested on humans fail on the merits of efficacy and safety, "any new compound a healthy volunteer takes will most likely never be approved by the FDA," according to Jane Kramer of

Bristol-Myers Squibb, makers of Taxol and Capoten.

And yet, somehow, the list of volunteers willing to ingest untested and ultimately unmarketable drugs keeps growing. "With unemployment so high, we don't get just street people anymore," says Carol Dean, a recruiter at Health and Sciences Research, a testing center in Englewood, New Jersey. "We have white-collar workers now, college students—a real diversified group."

Power is not so enthused. "Back in 1989, when I started," he says, "you had to lack sense to do a medical study, which kept the money nice and high. But the popularity these days is killing our pay scale." Power says he sees trials that used to pay \$1,000 now advertised for \$750.

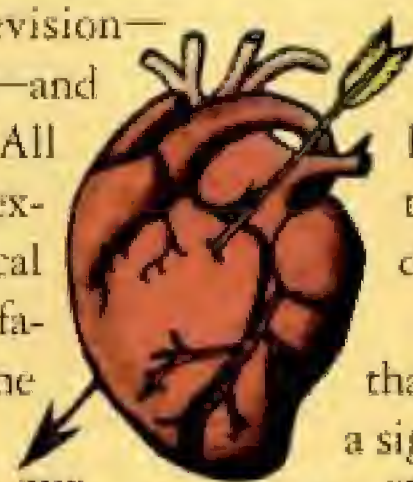
"Everyone's in on it," he laments, including a University of Richmond English professor whom Power was pleased to find as his roommate on a recent study. "He was a great roommate, because he couldn't take the needle. Fainted every time. So I always got his food." —Eric Zicklin

CARDIAC ATTEST

To pass the uneventful days in drab medical-testing centers, professional volunteers turn to the television—usually watching five movies a day on video—and the great American tradition of storytelling. "All the guys on a medical study are world-class experts on two subjects, video rentals and medical studies," says drug-trial veteran David B. The favorite study to discuss in the labs, he says, is the dreaded heart-stopping experiment.

David first heard about it on a drug trial in Wisconsin. "You make \$10,000 for one day's work," he explains, "but they stop your heart for three minutes. Then they revive you and pay you." He says he was told about the study again years later in a New Jersey test center. "In both places, people referred to it as taking place 'out in Colorado,'" he says.

Arnie Brown, who has done eight studies in Charlottesville, Virginia, has heard about the study. "It's the ultimate experiment," he says, "but it's not in Colorado.



It's in Baltimore. They kill you, bring you back and pay you \$9,000."

Recruiter Carol Dean of Health and Sciences Research says, "I used to hear that the heart-stopper paid \$5,000. Now the volunteers tell me it's up to \$25,000." She says people regularly approach her about how and where to apply. "I tell them that the study doesn't exist," Dean says, "but that doesn't stop the rumors."

The rumors also include a \$1,100 experiment that requires only a tattoo on the sole of your foot and a signed promise to donate your corpse to the test center. "You have to go to White Plains, New York, for it," Brown explains, "but you get a free tattoo, which is pretty cool, because tattoos are expensive."

Norma Lavelle, a recruiter at Hoffmann-LaRoche (makers of Valium) in Newark, New Jersey, says, "I've heard about one study where they cut off your toe in exchange for some phenomenal amount of money." She says no one is ever clear about where that test occurs. "The volunteers who swear it exists just say 'out west' or 'down south.'" —E.Z.



Naked City

Members Only

Welcome to the Club, Mr. Bobbitt!

One rarely sees want ads for castrati (or "the testicularly challenged") anymore, and Abe Rosenthal has devoted exactly zero column inches to the barbaric practice of male-genital mutilation, so when Lorena Bobbitt chopped off her husband's penis last year, the resultant media frenzy was understandable—this sort of thing doesn't happen too often, does it? Well, it does, and not just in the Philippines, either.

Where, when: Cebu, Philippines; November 1993

Cutter: Avelina Rule

Cuttee: Avelino Rule

Weapon: Machete

Reason: Drunk, he demanded sex at noon

Where did penis go? Thrown out window

Were charges brought? No

Was penis reattached? No; neighbors couldn't find

Where, when: Perth, Australia; October 1992

Cutter: Afef Jabbada

Cuttee: Same

Weapon: Kitchen knife

Reason: Enraged at a woman

Where did penis go? Placed in freezer with his ears, which he'd also cut off

Was penis reattached? No

Where, when: Nakhodka, Russia; October 1992

Cutter: "Tamara"

Cuttee: "Vasily"

Weapon: Knife

Reason: He told her she was too old

Where did penis go? Unknown

Were charges brought? Yes, "organ sabotage"

Was penis reattached? No

Where, when: Dacca, Bangladesh; September 1992

Cutter: Sharmin Begum (aided by her sisters)

Cuttee: Abdul Motaleb

Weapon: Razor blade

Reason: He'd divorced her

Where did penis go? Police said Abdul forced to hold severed organ aloft as Sharmin and her sisters laughed

Were charges brought? Unknown

Was penis reattached? Unknown

Where, when: Emporia, Kansas; October 1989

Cutter: Samuel Scheets

Cuttee: Mark Bittle (after being shot)

Weapon: Knife

Reason: Bittle had married Scheets's ex-wife

Where did penis go? Dropped in vacant lot near Kmart

Were charges brought? Yes; Scheets found guilty of assault in 1990

Was penis reattached? No

Where, when: Hamilton, Alabama; September 1988

Cutter: Larry Tasso

Cuttee: Carl Taylor (after being clubbed)

Weapon: Straight razor

Reason: Taylor accused of adultery with Tasso's fishing buddy's wife

Where did penis go? Unknown

Were charges brought? Yes; Tasso found guilty of assault in 1989

Was penis reattached? No

Where, when: Hong Kong; May 1987

Cutter: Wife of Lin Yuk-sang

Cuttee: Lin Yuk-sang

Weapon: Scissors

Reason: She'd discovered he had a mistress

Where did penis go?

Flushed down toilet

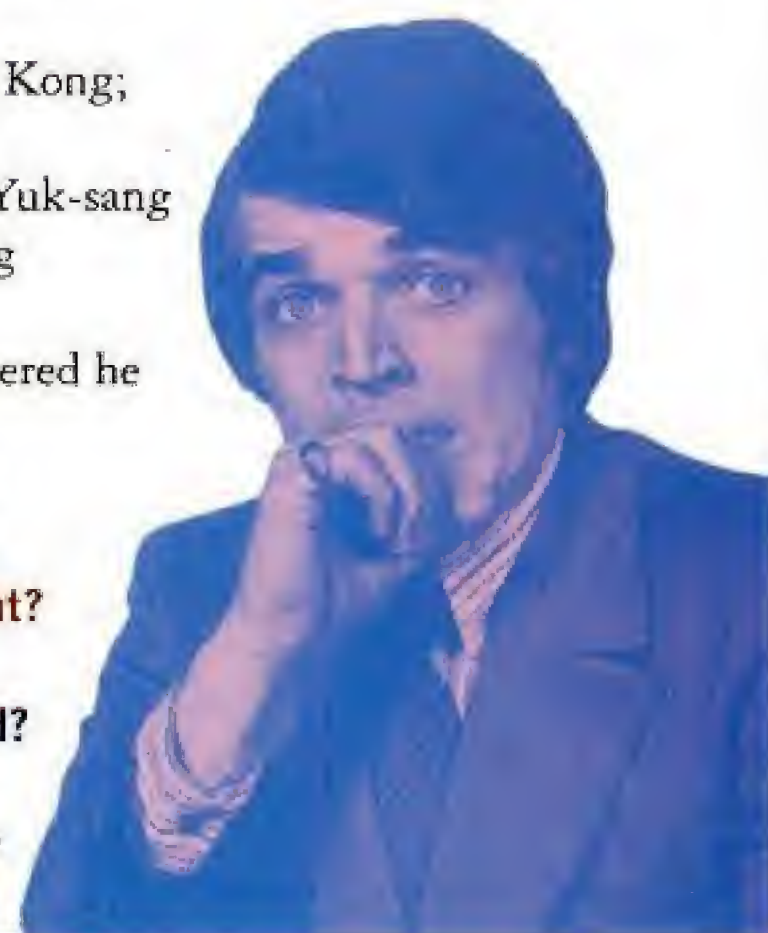
Were charges brought?

No

Was penis reattached?

No

—Chip Rowe



God and Maps at Swarthmore

Evidence steadily mounts that William F. Buckley Jr., the quick-witted, free-thinking libertarian, has been kidnapped and, as part of a diabolical plan to undermine the conservative cause, replaced with a bumbling doppelgänger. How else to explain the embarrassing display that recently took place at Swarthmore College? The apparent pseudo-Buckley started out well enough: Like Buckley, he roundly criticized the policies of President Clinton; like Buckley, his face bore an uncanny resemblance to an old brown paper bag. But we submit that the impostor tipped his hand when, moments after decrying young people's lamentable ignorance of geography and suggesting that society should "discourage" poorly educated citizens from voting, he referred to the capital of Pennsylvania as Scranton. ☺



Illustration by Paul Corio

The Fine Print

by Louis Theroux



Star Wares

With the economy now apparently on the mend, Americans are once again eager to spend their disposable income on soiled clothing worn by celebrities on movie sets. Looking to cash in on this renascent consumer demand is Norma's Jeans, a hilariously named Hollywood company that peddles items once owned, touched or otherwise defiled by well-known people. A few excerpts from its latest catalog:

Roseanne Arnold shirt from *Backfield in Motion* (TV). Extra-large cream cotton dress shirt worn by her during makeup. Shirt hand-inscribed ROSEANNE MAKEUP. \$95.

Ray Liotta blue-and-white Adidas thongs. Costumer's tag. \$175.

Vanity drop-dead black-and-white cocktail dress with costumer's tag obtained from wardrobe of *Lady Boss*. \$350.

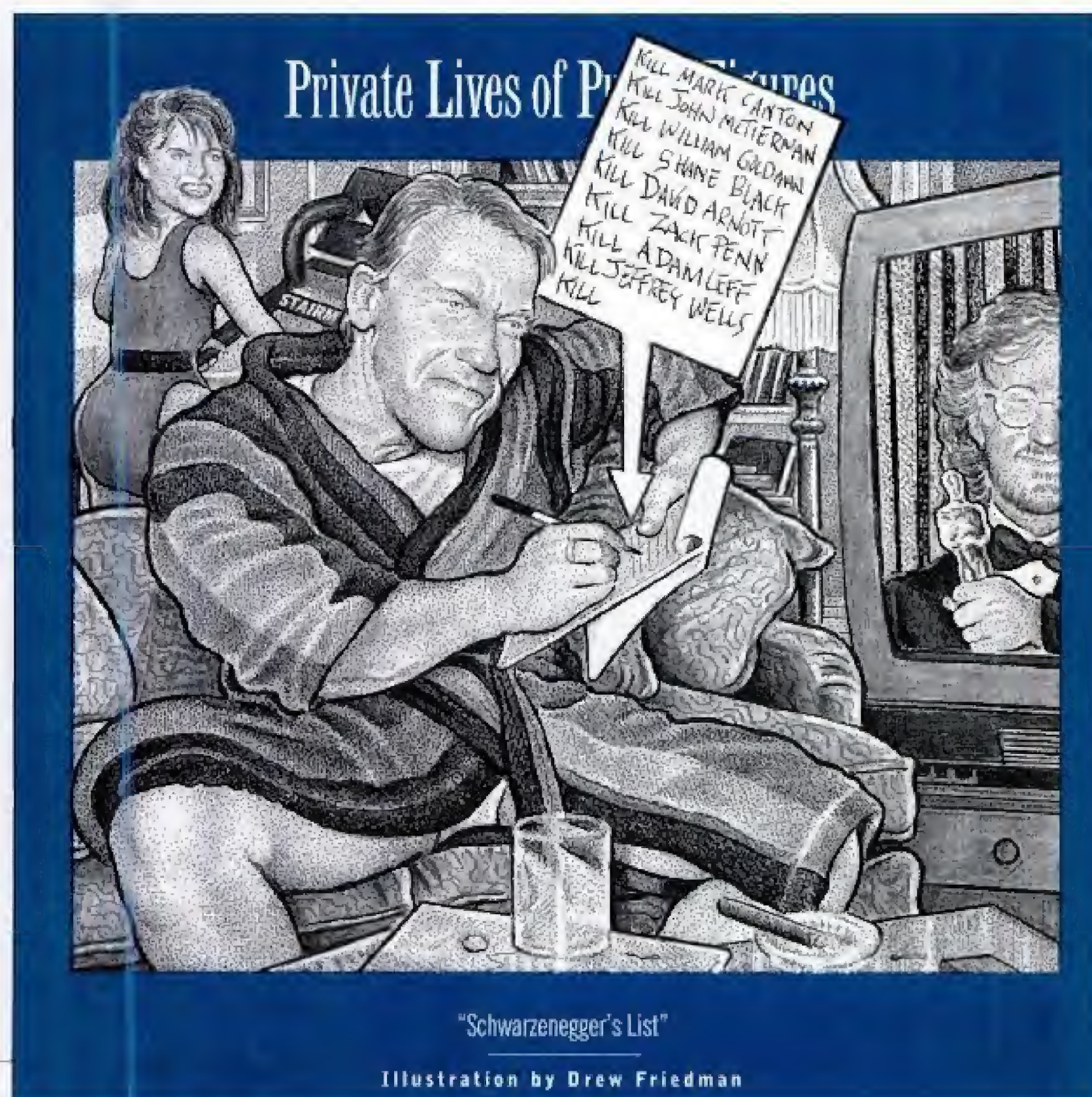
Melanie Griffith blouse from *Pacific Heights* (20th Century Fox, 1991). Yellow blouse with black buttons. Video of movie included. \$95.

Hulk Hogan *Suburban Commando* items:

XL white tank top, soiled. Photo included. \$75.

Size 14 patent-leather tuxedo shoes, black. \$95.

Tracy Scoggins personal glitter sweater. Oversized ▶



"Schwarzenegger's List"

Illustration by Drew Friedman

cotton blend with wild, colorful cat design. You'll be noticed. \$95.

Tommy Chong white shirt from *Nice Dreams* (1981) with HAPPY HERBS NICE DREAMS lettering on back. Soiled as in film. \$175.

James Garner flesh-colored bodysuit/girdle worn for *Barbarians at the Gate* (1992). \$95.

Patrick Swayze (two) dark blue or dark black silk short-sleeve shirts from *Roadhouse* (1989) with Saks label hand-inscribed PAT. From costume supervisor, sweat residue included. Your choice \$295.

James Caan swim trunks from *Honeymoon in Vegas* (1992). Multicolored, with costumer's tag. \$95.

Bob Hoskins pajamas from *Mermaids* (1991). Blue medium with costumer's tag. \$95.

Macaulay Culkin wet suit from *My Girl* (1992). Short-sleeve, short-leg wet suit worn under costume in scenes where he jumps into lake. \$195.

Dolph Lundgren costume collection from *Universal Soldier* (TriStar, 1992).... Military green distressed tank top with DOLPH hand-inscribed in collar. \$55.

Demi Moore and Bruce Willis both autographed this XL Planet Hollywood shirt. THE BRUNE-DOG...BRUCE WILLIS (signed by him in black); LOVES DEMI MOORE (signed by her in red). \$295.

Tippi Hedren personal tank top ▶

Art Imitates Laundry

If *New York* magazine subscribed to the dictum "One picture's worth a thousand words," then the gallery listings in the back would run to an unwieldy 3,200 pages. Zabar's bags are sturdy but not *that* sturdy, so, as these examples from last year's listings show, *New York's* editors must condense a year's worth of paint, passion and Pellegrino water into one prosaic sentence. Something must be lost in the translation.

"New sculpture that refers to the various meanings of the word 'maroon.'"

"An installation of a room made entirely of wax that can be entered by the viewer."

"Large-scale sculptures of silkworms made with acrylic brush bristles."

"Paintings of disaster scenes on blue-and-white china."

"A new series of paintings that depict dolls wrapped in clear plastic."

"An installation of clotheslines displaying the artist's own laundry and that of his artworld friends."

"Recent photograms made by placing rabbit entrails on Cibachrome paper to produce abstract, painted images."

"Photographs that depict the light and movement of a cathode ray tube's beam at the moment a television is turned off."

"New sculptures in a series titled 'The Handle,' inspired by a broken plastic handle from a comb."

"Recent steel sculptures that curl in loose, slightly irregular spirals and bring to mind giant spiral springs laid on their sides."



"Photographs of laboratory specimens of deformed fetuses from the turn of the century and heads of slaughtered cows."

"Photographic blow-ups of Austrian postcards depicting traditional Austrian food and meals."

"Cast-bronze Barbie dolls and Fat Albert masks and drawings executed in the artist's own blood."

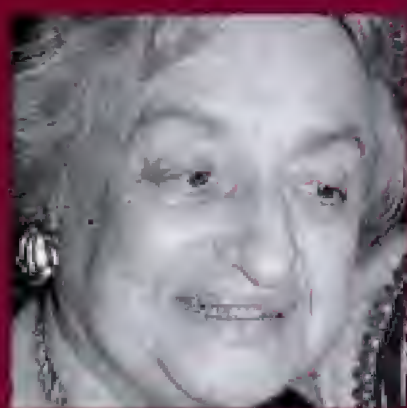
"Paintings executed over a period of 14 years while the artist was confined in the San Giacomo Psychiatric Hospital in Verona."
—Tony Vanaria

Illustration by Rollin McGrail

Separated at Birth?



Palestinian Yasir Arafat...



and pal o' Steinem Betty Friedan?



Boer-loather Winnie Mandela...



and loathsome bore Billy Crystal?

HILTON KRAMER WILL **HATE** THIS BOOK!

WHAT BETTER RECOMMENDATION COULD YOU HAVE?

ROY LICHTENSTEIN'S GREAT POP ART
CLASSICS OF THE 1960S RETURN TO THEIR
ROOTS IN A LIGHTEARTED SAGA
OF LOVE AND AMBITION, BY TONY HENDRA.

**FULL
COLOR**
THROUGHOUT

**IT'S A COMIC!
IT'S AN ART BOOK!**

FROM PANTHEON BOOKS

BRAD '61



PORTRAIT
OF THE
ARTIST
AS A
YOUNG
MAN

AN ORIGINAL ROMANCE BY
TONY HENDRA

INSPIRED BY THE POP PAINTINGS OF
ROY LICHTENSTEIN

signed by her. \$125.

Tina Louise personal green corduroy hat. \$45.

Rita Moreno pink terrycloth towlette hat (well worn). \$8.

Freudian slip. White satin-and-lace slip from the personal wardrobe of Sigmund Freud, the father of modern psychiatry. Inquire.

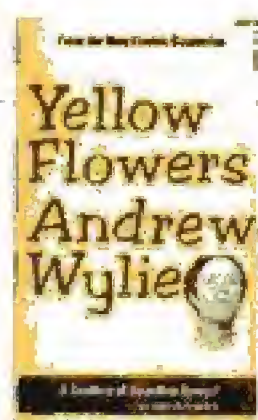
John Wayne bottle opener, vintage three-dimensional shape of a nude woman. Made in England. Unique "Duke" piece. \$395.

James Dean death car transaxle (transmission and rear axle). The original transaxle from James Dean's Porsche Spyder will soon be running in a Porsche. Installed over 15 years ago in another Spyder, it remained undriven, languishing through several owners. Today this Spyder, with Dean's transaxle installed, is undergoing a full restoration and will be ready soon for both Concours Display and Vintage Racing. You can own, race and display this haunting piece of history. Call for details. Inquire.

John F. Kennedy personal wristwatch. Taken from the middle drawer of JFK's Oval Office desk the morning of November 23, 1963. \$75,000.

Milton Berle cigars (partially smoked and saved). \$20 each.

Milton Berle prescription bottle, Rox-San Pharmacy, Beverly Hills 1979. \$20. ☺



Agent, Provocateur

A SPY Quiz

Nowadays he's the most notorious literary agent in New York, a distinction he owes less to his illustrious stable of clients (Salman Rushdie, William Burroughs) than to his reputation for being, um, abrasive. But Andrew Wylie was once a legendary member of the swinging late 1960s-early '70s counterculture, a leather-jacket-and-shades-wearing scion of the "New Electric Generation" who rode around on a motorcycle and composed critically acclaimed, laconic free-form verse. "Wylie's words are a map to the subconscious geography of New York City," critic Richard Williams enthused in *Melody Maker* at the time. "Poetry died so that people like him can flourish—and that's great."

SPY has been lucky enough to come into a copy of Wylie's 1972 collection *Yellow Flowers*, and rather than keep it to ourselves we have decided to introduce a couple of these opalescent jewels to the wider audience they so richly deserve. There is a catch: Of the three poems below, only two are authentic Wylies. The third is a painstaking school-of-Wylie counterfeit of our own devising. The reader's assignment: Spot the *faux* Wylie.

(1)

THIGHS

thighs
on my neck

I suck
the clit

(2)

I BRING

I bring
you a present

it's up
my ass

(3)

I FUCK

I fuck
your
ass

you suck
my cock

Answer: The second poem is the *faux* Wylie.



Blurb-o-Mat Actual Capsule Reviews by Bill Clinton, the Movie Publicist's Friend

PHILADELPHIA, starring Tom Hanks, Denzel Washington (TriStar) 🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "Very nice!"

SCHINDLER'S LIST, starring Liam Neeson, Ben Kingsley (Universal) 🦅🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "I implore everyone to go see it!"

A PERFECT WORLD, starring Kevin Costner, Clint Eastwood (Warner) 🦅🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "Eastwood is doing the best work of his career!"

IN THE LINE OF FIRE, starring Clint Eastwood, John Malkovich (Columbia) 🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "A real rip-roaring thriller!"

DAVE, starring Kevin Kline, Sigourney Weaver (Warner) 🦅🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "Another movie I liked very much!"

BOYZ N THE HOOD, starring Larry Fishburne, Ice Cube (Columbia) 🦅🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "Heartbreaking! Elementary-age kids in the inner city should go see it!"

A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN, starring Geena Davis, Madonna (Columbia) 🦅🦅🦅🦅

Bill Clinton says, "Hillary and I fell in love with it!"

What the eagles mean: 🦅🦅🦅 —unbelievably good; 🦅🦅🦅🦅 —really wonderful

Moonwalk Like an Egyptian


Is Michael Jackson a Mummy's Boy?

High-resolution 3D computer scans are routinely performed to track and detect undercover agents and certify passport photos; they are also used by Interpol to find missing persons and to identify master criminals who have attempted to alter their facial features. A "counter-intelligence agent" trained, he says, to identify foreign spies and assassins recently applied the technique to Michael Jackson and made a startling discovery, herewith presented exclusively by SPY: that the King of Pop appears to be striving to re-create himself in the image of



the King of the Egyptians, Tutankhamen. The agent—who has stressed repeatedly to us the need for total anonymity—claims to have found a correlation between Jackson's face (at press time) and the pharaoh's gold mask. Note the angle, rise, length and style of the eyebrows; the shape, spacing and relation to the nose of the eyes; the size, shape, ridges, lobes and piercing of the ears (not shown, but a 100 percent match, according to our expert); the width, symmetry and fullness of the mouth; the jut, cleft and squaring of the chin; and the length, width and angle of the nose and flare of the nostrils (another 100 percent match, our man in—well, never mind where—insists). Agent X also points out that the pharaoh's mummy was unearthed wearing jeweled gloves not unlike the Gloved One's single glove, and that Jackson has further been seen wearing a shirt decorated with a rendering of an ornamental wing like one found in the mummy's tomb.

"In this case," Agent X tells SPY, "technology and counterespionage techniques may have unearthed fantastic insights into the soul and mind of the great entertainer. But has Michael fashioned more than just his face after the pharaoh known to history as the Boy King? Is Michael driven by a heart of light or darkness? Will he be destroyed by the mummy's curse?"

Next month: Michael Bolton and Torquemada! 

Celebrity Math Chapter 10



Annie Lennox

×



Hitler

+

$\frac{1}{2}$



Dolph Lundgren

=



Susan Powter



Rick Nelson

×



Lee Majors

+

$\frac{1}{4}$



Lassie

=



David Hasselhoff

—Mark O'Donnell



The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT X

Father,
Forgive Him

This month, Mr. Toth
(aka Don Novello) gives
it all to Our Lady.



Father Nicholas Gruner

Fest of the Holy Guardian Angels,
October 2, 1993

Dear Lazlo,

I am sure you've heard the old saying that "God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform," but those words never seemed so true or so wonderful as they do at this very moment.

I have ~~listened~~...~~heard~~...~~smiling~~ news to share with you today!!

Heaven has sent us the answer to more than 10 years of daily prayers and months of special novenas. In fact, what Our Lord has done for His Mother's Apostolate is no less than a miracle.

Let me put it plainly: GOD HAS GIVEN US A MIRACLE!

You see, little, for years we have been praying every single day that God would somehow or other provide the space and facilities we need to work in and to expand.

You may not know it, but our current office was originally a small stable for horses. As we've grown over the years, it has become so crowded with people and crisscrossed with desks, equipment and files that now it's more like working in a sardine can.

In some little rooms, there are more than five or six people working. One of our lady's workers told me recently that with all the noise around her desk, she could hardly hear herself think!

And so we've been praying...asking Almighty God to give us the means and space to accomplish the work of His Mother's Apostolate and to bring Her Father's Message to ever more people.

And now, Lazlo, God has answered our prayers...and in such a glorious way that it actually brings tears to my eyes!

A few weeks ago, out of nowhere, we were approached by a local merchant who had a huge modern building she wanted to sell. The building was recently appraised at almost \$600,000. And it was worth every penny. It was ~~everything~~ we'd been praying for.

But even for a growing Apostolate like ours, that much money was out of the question. As you know, every penny we raise is

(Please turn the page...)

In United States: Apostolate Headquarters, P.O. Box 53, Longwood, New York 12070-0053
In Canada: 413 East Road, Port Hope, Ontario L2A 4B7 (905) 779-7885

- Page 1 -

already committed to our on-going efforts to spread Our Lady's Message to millions of souls here at home and around the world.

To make matters even worse, our recent "Save Our Children's Souls" campaign and the new lease of the Fatima Crusader has left our bank account at an all time low.

It seemed impossible, but often it's when things seem most impossible that God works miracles...[and sometimes it comes in these parties!]

We had prayed for so long and we continued to pray even harder, asking God to help us find this desperately needed space and create a great center of work, study and learning dedicated to Our Lady and Her saving Message of peace and hope.

And God heard our prayers. Instead of the \$600,000 the building was worth, the asking price for Our Lady was almost HALF the real value of the property.

Think of it -- HALF price! In fact, our real estate agent said it was "an exceptional bargain." But wait, there's more...

Even though the asking price was only half the property's, we still didn't even have a down payment for a deposit to hold it. So we prayed more...help us meet this

HELP US BUILD A LASTING MONUMENT OF LOVE FOR OUR LADY!

Special FATIMA CENTER Building Fund

God has given us the opportunity to build Our Lady's Fatima Center, a true "living monument" to Our Lady and provide for years of growth for Her Apostolate...but we need your prayers and help in order to make this dream a reality!

FROM: LAZLO TOTTH
PO BOX 245
Fairfax, CA 94728-0245

TO: Father Nicholas Gruner

☒ YES, Father, I want to help you build this new Fatima Center as a great lasting monument to the glory of God and of His Blessed Mother. My prayers are joined with yours as you work to make this dream become a reality!

☒ YES, I wish my name to be enrolled in the Scroll of Dedication to be presented to the Holy Father in honor of the official inauguration of this new Fatima Center in November 1993.

☒ YES, please engrave my name on the permanent bronze honor plaque to be placed beside the main entrance to the Fatima Center as a public testament to my love and devotion to Our Lady and Her Father's Message.

☒ YES, Father Gruner, here is my special offering -- MADE IN OUR LADY'S NAME -- to help purchase this new building and support the opening and growth of Her Fatima Center and Apostolate in Port Erie.

MY SPECIAL OFFERING IS: CASH

Enlosed is my: ☒ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Card # 5711 Signature Lazlo Toth Expiry date 12/94

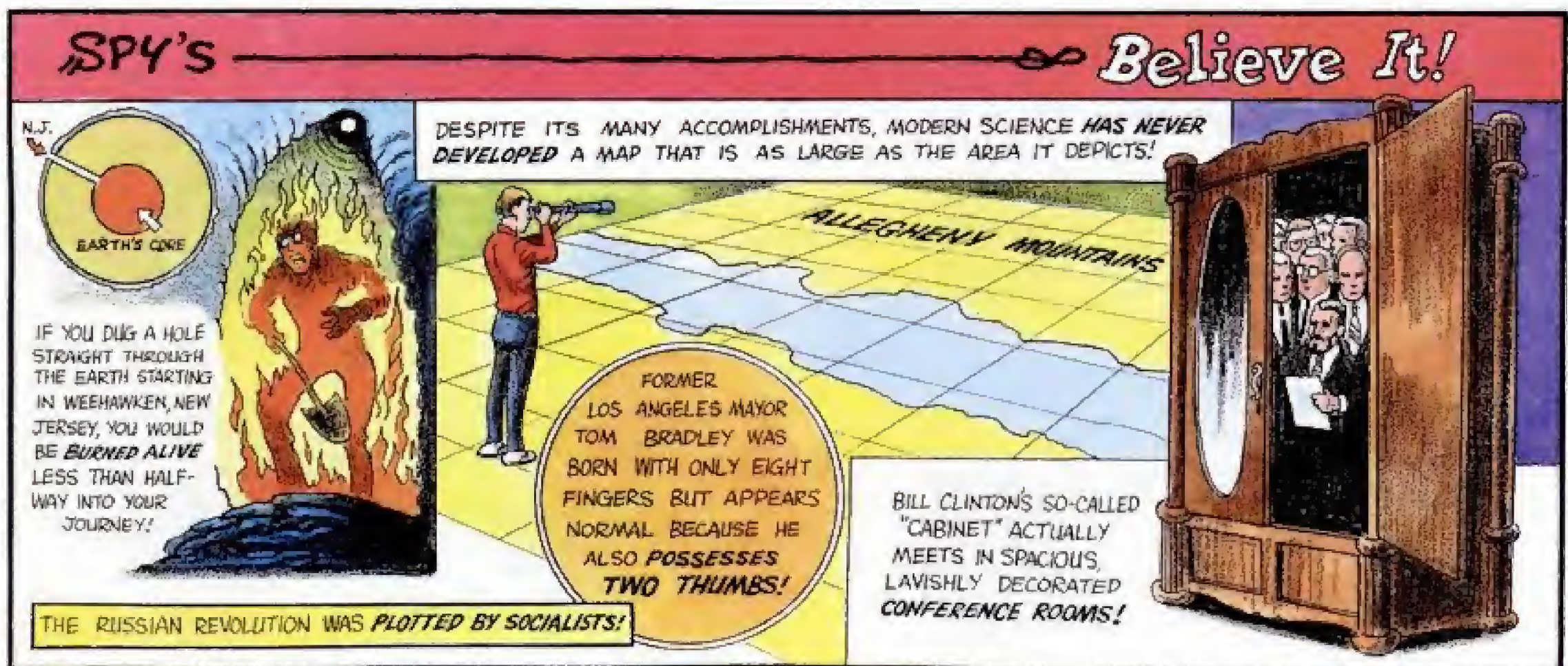
All Contributions are Tax-Deductible

YES, Father, I want to glorify God and honor Our Lady even more. I have signed the special Act of Loving Devotion and Gratitude on the reverse.

or Lazlo - Building this new Fatima Center may be the most important thing we ever do together. I hope you to try with me and to give as much as you possibly can. A gift of \$5 can make this dream come true!

Father Gruner,
The \$5 requested is out of the question,
but I am sending \$1 at this time. Lazlo Toth

Dear Father Gruner,
The \$5 requested is out of the question,
however I am sending \$1 at this time, Lazlo Toth



—Marshall Sella



SOMERS

A Whisper of Citrus.
Long after the shouting, you remember the whisper.

Somers British gin with citrus and other natural flavour. Alc. 35% by Vol. (70 proof) Somers Import Co. N.Y., N.Y.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEMS Quasi-legal designer drugs and acid-house music drive Defense Democrats John Glenn and Al Gore into a *frenzy!*



ELTON JOHN, WHAT'S THAT FLOWER YOU HAVE ON? Could it be a faded rose from days gone by?



HELL, DOLLY? Carol Channing with one foot in the hearse.

PARTY POOP.



Athletic supporters Mary Tyler Moore and Robert Levine.



An inconsiderate Julia Child asks John Updike if those are flakes of white truffle on his lapel.



With lumbar support from Shannon Tweed, Gene Simmons can still rock 'n' roll all night!



SYNCHRONICITY CITY! Peter Falk (*foreground*) and Raquel Welch (*background*) swallow cocktail olives at *exactly* the same time.



Eric Clapton wows the Friars Club's Aretha Franklin roast.



Angie Dickinson is drugged and *forced* to cooperate with *This Is Your Life*.



YOUR MOVE, JULIA ROBERTS Toothsome and competitive Geena Davis can bite a pair of Ray-Bans clean in half.

Science confirms it: Mickey Rooney exerts only minimal tidal pull.

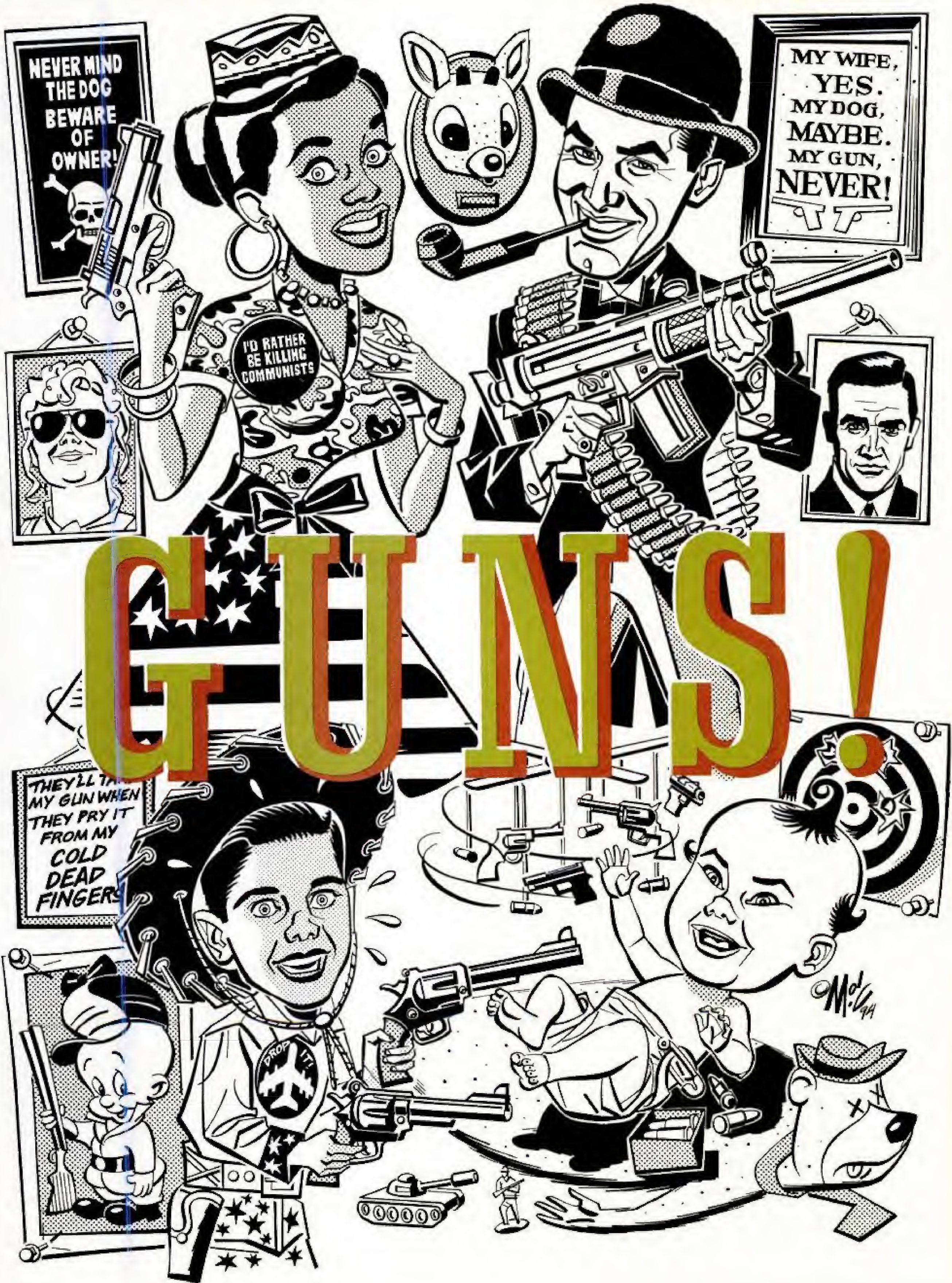


Sinister Liverpool tykes lead Cybill Shepherd to a nightmarish fate.

THERE YOU ARE, rigid in your bed, snapped into wakefulness by the sounds of either (a) thugs, punks and street toughs, (b) professional assassins or (c) the invading army of a belligerent foreign power rummaging around downstairs in the kitchen. Whatever. There's someone down there who shouldn't be. Your dog, if you have one, is dead. Your children have been roused from their bunk beds and are being forced to (a) smoke crack cocaine, (b) beg for death or (c) live under the heel of alien potentates. You reach into the night table for that which, in Carlyle's words, "makes all men alike tall": your privately held firearm. But wait, SPY Reader, Mr. or Ms. College-Educated, 33-Year-Old, \$57,800-Median-Household-Income Earner, Live-Theater and Dance Attendee—you don't have a firearm, do you? And where does that leave you? • Up shit's creek. That's where. • Let's say it's not even a matter of life and death and defense of the hearth. Let's say you're simply incensed by the sloppy running of the No. 2 train. Unarmed, what is your recourse? • You need a gun. But what gun? You hear a lot

GREAT

of strange terms batted around: *caliber, stopping power, autoloader, libidinal displacement, thumb break, primal scene, windage and elevation, Oedipal conflict, chambered load, double tap, etc., etc.*, but where can you get the real-world information that you, the educated consumer, need? • Where do you learn marksmanship? What kind of heat do your neighbors/enemies carry? How do you clean and care for your sidearm? Will you be made the lethal puppet of rap musicians and reckless television programmers? How do you hire a hit man? Where and when should you go on a shooting spree? What's the right ammunition? Why do you keep rereading that opening line about being rigid in bed? So many questions. So many questions. • SPY cuts through the cant, myths, jargon and jingoism the way Teflon cuts through Kevlar and gives you the answers. • But remember, a gun doesn't make a man a man; it doesn't earn him respect; it doesn't make him braver, kinder, wiser, stronger or better. Unless it's a really big gun.





Range Interlude

I wanted to learn how to shoot a pistol. As it is difficult to find an inexpensive rifle range in New York City that will allow you to shoot a pistol that you do not own, I hied myself to a gun range on Long Island. There, even if you don't have a gun permit, your participation in a \$45, two-and-a-half-hour safety class and a \$150 membership fee enable you to use the gunnery's pistols in its shooting gallery for a year.

I arrived at the small gun shop on a Tuesday evening; gunshots from the shooting gallery in the basement vibrated underfoot ominously. My instructor—I'll call her Bev—was dressed in an all-black, soon-the-Harleys-will-rev-to-a-deafening-roar wardrobe; lurking under her black leather vest was a harnessed pistol. The no-nonsense Bev cogently and intelligently explained to us four students the care and handling of guns; recounting an incident in which a club member had loaded his gun with the wrong-size bullets, she said, "Lucky it didn't blow the gun right back in his face."

Before going "down on the floor," we were given a written test consisting of some 40 multiple-choice and true/false questions; one question asked whether the NRA was a

self-supporting organization for the betterment of all gun-shooters or whether it was a group funded by munitions-makers who hoped to bolster the sale of firearms. I guessed the former.

Downstairs in the somewhat makeshift shooting gallery, we shot a .357 Magnum at bull's-eye targets suspended 21 feet away. Then, while we watched Bev shoot with a semi, a classmate asked me why I was learning to shoot: "For self-defense?"

"Yeah," I said. "I think, I think someone is trying to kill me."

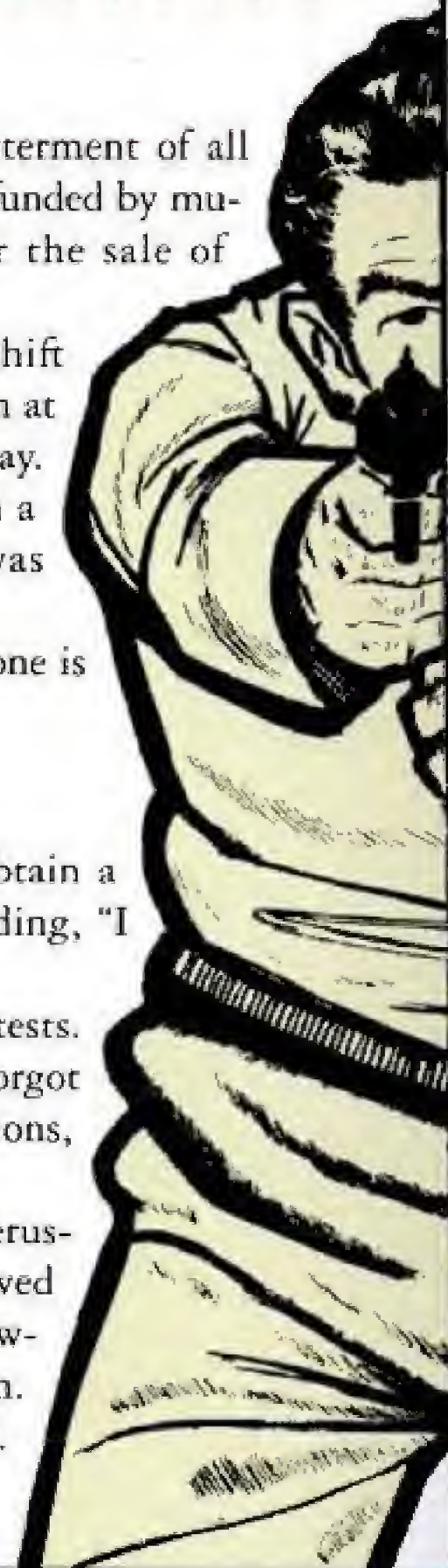
"Really?"

"Yeah. I called him a towelhead."

He asked if I was going to try to obtain a carrying permit; I said I wasn't sure, adding, "I just know I want to be ready."

Before leaving, we asked about our tests. "You all passed," Bev said. "Someone forgot to answer the whole last page of questions, but you still all passed."

I returned the following day. After perusing a variety of possible targets, I showed Bev one of the ones I had chosen—a drawing of an angry, hairy, gun-wielding man. Bev suggested a bull's-eye target instead. "But I have this situation," I said. "I



And Swab Swab Like

**RAPPERS
DISCUSS
GUN
SAFETY**

SPY: *What kind of weapon do you carry, Tone?*

LÖC: I carry a Glock and a .380.

And how can someone avoid doing an injury to himself when he's using his gun?

How can they avoid doing injury? Don't point the barrel at yourself. Make sure the barrel is never pointing at you at all times, and keep your gun clean.

How exactly do you clean your guns?

I take them all out and oil them up. I have rifles, you know. I have my AR-15s, you know, Uzi, all my shotguns, 12-gauge, semi-automatic. Yeah, you just asked

me what I carry. You didn't ask me what I have in my home.

Do you put a little brush down the barrel?

Yeah.

Why is it important to have clean guns?

In case you have to blast, you don't want the jam to get stuck. You don't need to be in a situation of where your shit's tripping. You know, you pull out your

gun and if you're in a situation where someone's blasting on you, you got to shoot back. And you don't want to be worried about your gun jamming. If it's an automatic. I don't have re-

volvers, you know what I'm saying?

Now, you used to hunt, but you've given that up. Why's that?

I don't know, man. One day it just got to me, you know? I think one time, the last thing I shot, I think, was a rabbit, you know? And I went over to pick him up and the little fucker started kicking and it scared the shit out of me, you know? And he just died. And I thought, *Damn, what right do I have just to*

come in and shoot this rabbit when he's just in the woods chillin' and I just blasted him, and I don't even like rabbit, you know?

—Louis Theroux



**1ST
IN A SERIES**

Tone Lör



think someone is trying to kill me."

"You're not ready for this kind," she said, referring to my target. She also pointed out that I don't have a gun permit. "I know," I responded. "But I have a friend who has a gun, and if push comes to shove..."

"Shoot bull's-eye targets," she reiterated.

I conceded but asked where one should aim when one does use man-bearing targets; Bev explained you should aim for the center.

"Not the head?" I asked.

"No, the head is the least reliable shot."

Our conversation seemed to suddenly animate a heavyset man eating a pizza. He explained that if one's shot hits someone's sternum, there is a good chance that the sternum will splinter and puncture that person's lung. "You want to do the sternum or the lungs, and that'll take him down," he explained.

Later, after shooting, I asked Bev, "You don't do anything with crossbows here, do you?" She said no.

The next day I showed Bev my punctured targets. "I'm shooting way low," I said.

"You're concentrating on your *trigger pull* instead of your *sight picture*," she said, using terms that we had discussed in the class.

I explained that I was feeling slightly "rattled"; she asked if I had drunk a lot of coffee that morning.

"Yeah," I said, "and also this guy I'm fighting with, yes—"

He asked if I was going to try to obtain a carrying permit; I said I wasn't sure, adding, "I just know I want to be ready"

terday he mailed me a 15-pound beef tongue. I opened the box and I was *drenched* with viscera."

"Ewww," she said, rapt with horror.

"It was repulsive," I said.

She explained that I was *anticipating the shot*. I thanked her for her advice.

—Henry Alford

You Just Don't Care

**RAPPERS
DISCUSS
GUN
SAFETY**

SPY: What kind of firepower do you have, Schoolly?

SCHOOLLY: I just carry a nice little Beretta, something that, you

know, may get my point across and I won't be making a lot of noise when I do it.

How about in your house—do you have other guns?

Nah. I used to, man, but all that shit was, like, for what? If motherfuckers can get in, you're done anyway, you know what I'm saying? If a bunch of motherfuckers is trying to get in and trying to get at you and they do get in? The fuck, man, you might as well go for broke.



How about problems with guns misfiring or blowing up in your hands?

Uh, no. I've seen it happen before, you know, back in the days when I was a young boy. Them fucked-up-ass revolvers and shit with broken handles and shit and fucked-up clips, you know what I mean, that've been used once too often.

So what's the secret to making sure that doesn't happen? Nowadays the secret is, man, you got to get a brand-new fucking gun. Back then you got whatever was on the street. Now you can get any fucking thing. Anybody. Whatever you want you can

get, straight out the box. On the street, straight out the fucking box. Motherfuckers pull up with carloads of that shit.

Do you clean your guns regularly?

Yeah. Especially, um, what you got, automatics. 'Cause them motherfuckers will jam on your ass if they ain't clean. And that's the one thing that people who carry revolvers claim—that their shit never jams, you know what I mean? But that shit'll jam on your ass.

So how do you clean them? You've got to take those motherfuckers apart. You got to get pipe cleaners, oil, you know what I mean, take care of it like a little baby. The mechanism that it is, is a little machine, you know what I mean? And it'll fuck up if you fuck up. —L.T.

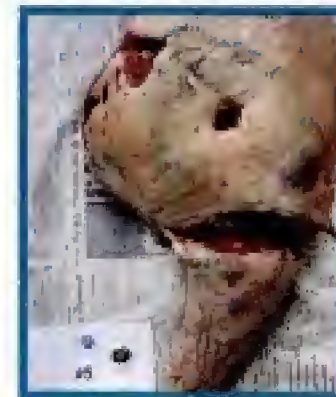
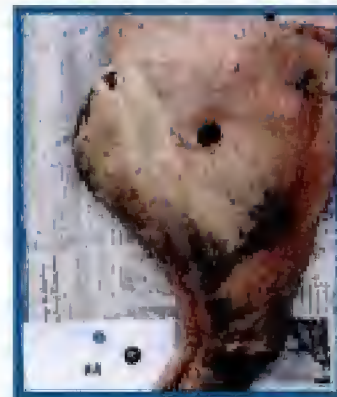
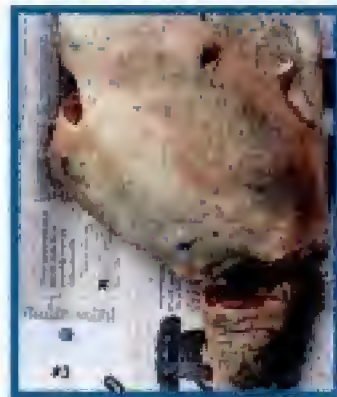
**2ND
IN A SERIES
Schoolly D**



Steel, Wool

According to *The Strasbourg Tests*, bigger is not necessarily better, at least as far as ammunition is concerned. In the 1991 privately funded study, live French Alpine goats fell almost twice as quickly when shot in the lung with a 125-grain .357 Magnum jacketed hollowpoint as they did when struck in the same spot by a 230-grain .45 ACP FMJ "hardball," a much larger bullet.

Ammunition tests on lambs (whether alive or dead) have, until now, been unavailable to the public. Here, for the first time, SPY plays the most dangerous game with its food.



HANDGUN

Type: double-action revolver
Manufacturer: Sturm, Ruger & Co. Inc., Southport, Connecticut
Caliber: .357 Magnum
Barrel length: 2¼ inches
Weight: 25 ounces (unloaded)
Capacity: 5 shots

AMMUNITION

- 1)** Winchester Black Talon .357 Magnum 180-grain SXT (Supreme Expansion Talon)
- 2)** Federal .357 Magnum 158-grain Hydra-Shok jacketed hollowpoint
- 3)** .357 Magnum 158-grain lead semi-wadcutter (generic reload)
- 4)** Remington .357 Magnum Golden Saber HPJ 125-grain high-performance brass-jacketed hollowpoint
- 5)** Federal .38 Special 147-grain +P+ Hydra-Shok jacketed hollowpoint (FBI load, for law-enforcement use only)
- 6)** Winchester Super-X .38 Special 125-grain +P jacketed hollowpoint



Baa-listics report: selected ammo, before and after

TARGETS

Cut: USDA Choice legs of lamb
Average weight: 6.82 pounds
Price: \$3.49/pound
Brand: Supreme American
Source: Safeway

METHODOLOGY

Ammunition was fired into freestanding thawed legs of lamb at point-blank range. Targets were buttressed by two water-soaked Bay Area Yellow Pages to aid in bullet recovery.

RESULTS

As expected, all the rounds passed completely through the lamb without difficulty. The Magnum bullets, however, left holes that proved much too large for shish kebabs, unless a broomstick were used as a skewer. (Fifty-grain .25 FMJ would seem a better choice.)

1) Weighed more coming out of the lamb than it did going in—nearly half an ounce heavier when we finally found it, in the "Yarn" section of the second telephone directory, its claws fully expanded and clutching scraps of lamb meat and yellow paper.

The Black Talon resembles a tiny, six-pointed Ninja throwing star when

fully expanded—a Magen David traveling at more than 1,100 feet per second. After Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-N.Y.) cited the Black Talon when calling for a 10,000 percent tax on bullets that perform like video-game ammunition, Winchester halted distribution of the bullet.

2) Jumped clean out of its jacket at the opportunity to penetrate meat. It pierced not only the leg of lamb and both telephone directories but also an inch and a quarter of redwood siding. The bullet retained little of its original weight, however, leaving so many nasty-looking bits of shrapnel in the lamb that we'd be embarrassed to serve it to company.

3) The only round to strike bone

(which it reduced to slivers), the semi-wadcutter rendered the lamb unsuitable even for dog food. With more than 500 foot-pounds of energy behind it, this bullet has armor-piercing capability, meaning we could have conducted the test right through a refrigerator door.

4) Left a football-shaped wound you could fit your fist in, or stuff with goat cheese and basil. Its brass jacket is stiffer than the 95 percent copper alloy in most hollowpoints. This rigidity causes the bullet's six blunt "petals" to blossom more slowly, which results in a larger and longer cavity.

5) The FBI's superhot load emerged from the lamb badly battered, its jacket in shreds around its ankles, its body deformed and ugly.

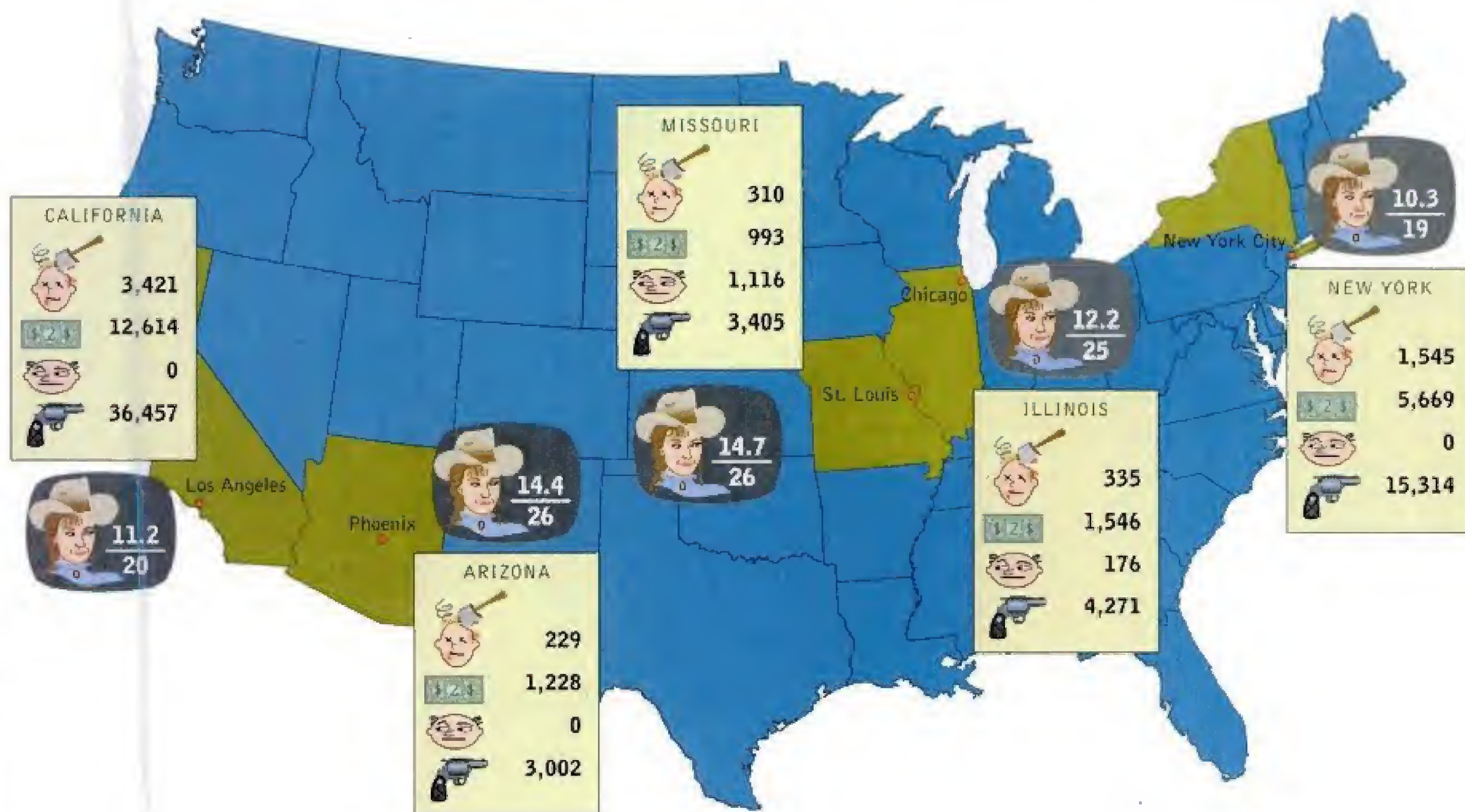
6) Packs only half the energy of the semi-wadcutter. A reliable bullet, but more stopping power would have been required had the lamb been alive.

—Don Rubin



Dead Men Tell No Tales/Numbers Don't Lie

An American is shot every two minutes. Now, we don't know who this guy is, but we bet he's just about had it up to here. But crime is no joke. And neither is the interdependence of television and the culture of violent crime. Wake up!



KEY: Murder and nonnegligent manslaughter: Forgery and counterfeiting: Suspicion: Weapons: carrying, possessing, etc.: Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman: Illustration by Natasha Lessnik

Figures are the latest available. Sources: U.S. Department of Justice *Uniform Crime Reports*, arrests by state, 1992; A. C. Nielsen reports on rating and share, December 18, 1993. Each rating point (top number) represents 942,000 homes; share represents percentage of total homes viewing television at a given time. The CBS family drama *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman* features Jane Seymour as a strong, independent frontier doctor.

RAPPERS DISCUSS GUN SAFETY

SPY: What kind of gun do you have, Everlast?
EVERLAST: At the moment, I'm not really in possession of any weapons. It's kind of a part of my deal [with the authorities]. So I really ain't holding nothing. Could you run through the gun-safety code for the benefit of our readers?
 Well, first, never point a gun at anybody. That's just straight out number one. I mean, if you're

talking about what I was taught. Then it's like, always check to see if it's loaded. Always keep the safety on, you know. Never, like, look down the chamber. Never look straight down the barrel. No matter what. I mean, even if you know it's not loaded, just, it's not a good idea to get into the habit of things like that. Could you freestyle

a rap about the importance of gun safety? Yeah, probably, yeah, you know, "Be careful with it, if you're gonna hold a gun"—it'd be hard, 'cause to me it's like—for the fact of, like, for children, yeah, I could do it. I could do it. I could do it. Could you do one now? Nah, that's not something I could just rattle off, dude. I mean, I'd have to write something first. —L.T.



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A Gun Owner Is a Person in Your Neighborhood

There isn't a list of gun owners anywhere—thank God—but if there were, it would show millions of Americans who are just as normal as you and me and are not, currently, friendless drifters with short fuses and a grudge against society. Gun owners come in all shapes and sizes and are usually white men. They put their pants on one leg at a time and very, very rarely shoot their toes or penises off by accident. But who *are* these people?

BODYGUARD

Stephen L. D'Andrilli
Protective Services
International
Bronx, New York



My Gun: S&W
.38 Model 60
Cost: \$250
My Ammo:
+P—"increases

the velocity and knockdown power of my shot"

My Gun's Strengths: "highly concealable"; "a comfortable gun to wear"

My Gun's Weaknesses: "fewer rounds than a Glock or a Beretta"

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: "I won't mention the name, because I don't want to tip anyone off to my interest."

GUN-LICENSING EXPERT

Jerry Preiser
President and owner,
Pistol License
Application Services
Little Neck, Queens,
New York



My Gun: Colt .45
Cost: \$250
My Ammo:
semijacketed,
high-velocity

hot load—"the heaviest, most destructive load the gun will hold"

My Gun's Strengths: "lots of knockdown power"; "a big, heavy bullet that'll spin a beefy guy and knock him down even if he's in a heavy coat"

My Gun's Weaknesses:

"seven-round capacity"

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: "There are a bunch of high-tech 9mm's like the Glock that I'm looking at."

GUN-SHOP OWNER

George Waite
Beverly Hills Gun Shop
Beverly Hills, California



My Gun: Colt .45
Commander
Series 70
Cost: \$450
plus \$1,000

customizing

My Ammo: Glaser Safety Slugs—"They don't blow through the body of your target and into another body."

My Gun's Strengths: "Even if I don't hit vital organs, I'm confident that one or two rounds will stop any person."

My Gun's Weaknesses: "I worry about the guy who walks in with more rounds than me."

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: S&W .40

DRUG DEALER

"T-Bone"
North Side, Chicago



My Gun:
Beretta 9mm
Cost: \$300 ("I bought it when I was dealing a lot

more coke")

My Ammo: regular 9mm—"nothing crazy"

My Gun's Strengths: "I'll show it, wear it out when certain people are around, so they'll think, *Don't fuck with*

him. Coke users can get bold. When they get the itch, they'll take chances, pull some shit. My nine makes them think twice."

My Gun's Weaknesses: "It's foreign-made, which I don't like."

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: "This one's good with me."

BIATHLETE

Joan Smith
Member, U.S. Olympic
Biathlon Team
Honeoye Falls, New York



My Gun:
Anschutz .22
long rifle
Cost: \$2,800 (in-
cluding stock,
clips, harness)

My Ammo: Eley

My Gun's Strengths: "the Fortner [bolt] action"; "a straight pull, which makes for a faster discharge"; "it's light"

My Gun's Weaknesses: "none whatsoever"

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: "a Russian model, but it would be hard to get parts"

BIG-GAME HUNTER

Dick Sorrentino
Fort Lauderdale, Florida



My Gun: 30.06
Remington rifle
Model 70
Cost: \$400
(Christmas gift
from wife)

My Ammo: 180-grain Silver-tip—"When I shoot an animal, I want it to go down cleanly. I want it on my table, not a mess of wild animal running around the woods."

My Gun's Strengths: "light"; "high caliber"; "I treat the gun like they say, like a woman. It's well stored, well handled, and so it's served me well."

My Gun's Weaknesses: "the ammo....It's \$20 a box."

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: a pump-action model

LOBBYIST

Richard Feldman
Chief lobbyist,
American Shooting
Sports Council
Atlanta, Georgia



My Gun: S&W
Airweight,
Model 37 (also a
Seecamp .32
semiautomatic—

"very small, which I wear when I'm in a tux")

Cost: \$275 (birthday gift from girlfriend)

My Ammo: Glaser Safety Slugs—"They don't penetrate much, but once they hit, they break into a million pieces."

My Gun's Strengths: "reliability, concealability, weight"

My Gun's Weaknesses: "It only holds five rounds."

A Gun I'd Really Like to Have: "every gun that went on the California and New Jersey ban lists"

—Eric Zicklin



Virtual Fatalities

Eight Shootings That Could Have Gone Either Way

After the last shot rings out in any given act of gun butchery, another din arises—a chorus of gun-control politicians shamelessly pandering to the survivors. But there is another set of voices with a tantalizing counterproposal: Wouldn't Homicidal Rampage X have been deterred or even *stopped in progress* had the formerly alive commuters/restaurantgoers/preschoolers been *more* heavily armed, rather than less so? The *New York Post*, among others, offered this Better-Ordinance-for-Bystanders argument following last December's attack on the Long Island Rail Road. Complete disarmament, or complete armament? It's a question that bears examination.

—Chris Kelly

	INCIDENT	IF ASSAILANT(S) UNARMED	IF VICTIMS EQUALLY OR SUPERIORLY ARMED
McDonald's, San Ysidro, California, 1984	Ex-security guard James Oliver Huberty, armed with rifle, pistol and shotgun, kills 21, wounds 19.	Huberty orders two cheeseburgers, regular Coke. Angry and unfamiliar with the sales technique of "selling up," when asked "Fries with that?" he can only sneer, "If I wanted fries, I would have asked for fries." Eats. Leaves.	Gun battle at close quarters kills 88.
University of Texas at Austin, 1966	Ex-marine Charles Whitman, armed with sniper's rifle, pump rifle, carbine, Luger, .357 Magnum and sawed-off shotgun, kills 16, wounds 31.	Picayune stabbings and suicide leap fail to ignite imagination of film critic-toady Peter Bogdanovich. Bogdanovich does not make Whitman-inspired <i>Targets</i> . Does not go on to seduce Playmate Dorothy Stratton, thereby not contributing to her shotgun annihilation at the hands of jilted husband Paul Snider. Total lives saved: 15.	Lone Star State students and faculty presumably were equally or superiorly armed. Lacked, however, high ground. Sixteen killed, 31 wounded.
Hamilton, Ohio, 1975	Unemployed homebody James Ruppert, armed with rifle and three revolvers, kills 11 family members at Easter Sunday dinner.	Unemployed homebody James Ruppert, armed with rat poison, kills 11 family members at Easter Sunday dinner.	Big family holiday dinner, only even tenser than average. Later: NCAA basketball.
Oakland Elementary School, South Carolina, 1988	True-crime buff James William Wilson, armed with .22 borrowed from grandmother, kills 2, wounds 9.	True-crime buff James William Wilson, armed with rolling pin borrowed from grandmother, wounds 3.	As victims were mostly third-graders, even if properly instructed and drilled would have likely lacked discipline and esprit de corps. One killed, 10 wounded.
Camden, New Jersey, 1949	Ex-serviceman Howard Unruh, armed with Luger, kills 13, including his insurance agent, cobbler, barber, tailor and the family who ran the drugstore.	Unruh writes letter to <i>Daily News</i> , mentioning that he is an ex-serviceman and suggesting that he is "sick and tired" of something, but it's not clear what.	Cobbler shoots and wounds Unruh, stopping rampage and entitling Unruh to even greater pension benefits, allowing him to move to Port St. Lucie, Florida, where he is eaten by swamp rats.
Katyn forest, near Smolensk, Russia, 1940	Assailant or assailants unknown shoot 4,250 Polish officers.	Otherwise executed Brigadier General Smorawinski becomes Polish De Gaulle; Poland becomes France of postwar Europe. Kraków Euro Disney fails, due to civil suits following catastrophic submarine-ride mishap involving screen doors.	Four thousand two hundred fifty killed.
Roman Empire, A.D. 268	Ex-Praetorian guard and Christian cultist St. Sebastian martyred by bow and arrow on orders of Emperor Diocletian.	Assailants pretty basically unarmed, at least in any sense that the Brady Bill would cover. (Theological note: Sebastian survives arrow attack anyway and is beaten to death.)	Renaissance flounders, fails. Deprived of penetration poster boy, sensitive bachelors assume St. Patrick as patron. Parades all screwed up. R.E.M.'s "Losing My Religion" video featuring Lucky, the Lucky Charms leprechaun, fails to sweep MTV Music Awards.
Scarsdale, New York, 1980	Jean Harris, armed with .32 handgun, shoots Dr. Herman Tarnower three times in self-described suicide attempt.	Jean Harris, in suicide attempt, poisons Tarnower, slits his wrists and throws him from observation deck of CN Tower, Toronto, the world's tallest freestanding structure.	Harris wrestles weapon or weapons from Tarnower. In suicide spree, kills dozens.



A Good Hit Man Is Hard to Find

In the days when men were men, women were gals, and gunslingers had reputations to live up to or die defending, a hardworking citizen could hire a professional gunman with a great nickname to do a foursquare job at an honest wage.

But the fact is that while the abundance of guns combined with high unemployment created by the lingering recession *should* have created a strong supply of quality hit men, according to top law-enforcement officials it is extremely difficult to find a reliable, honest hired killer.

Professional hit men—hit *persons* might be semantically preferable, but this is almost exclusively a male profession—are a dying breed. Even the high standards long maintained by organized crime have fallen drastically, and these professionals have been replaced in many cases by “zips,” Sicilians who zip into the country under an assumed identity, make a hit, then zip out. The enforcers favored by South American drug operations are too busy and much too expensive for the average North American, and besides, as the late Joey Black, author of the best-selling *Killer*, explained before he was shot in the back, “These people ain’t gonna work for you. The problem with your so-called honest citizen is that he just can’t be trusted.”

So where can you go to find a reliable hit man at an affordable price? Not to the Yellow Pages; there is no listing between “Historical Research” and “Hobby & Model Construction Supls.-Retail.” Not to the *New York Times* classified section, which will not accept advertising for an illegal enterprise. And no longer to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, which used to accept somewhat ambiguous ads headlined MERCENARY or GUN FOR HIRE but has been forced to settle two lawsuits resulting from those ads and hasn’t accepted them in almost eight years. Even the venerable Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalog has not yet featured gunmen as the perfect gift for the man who has everything and needs to get rid of some of it.

As for employment agencies, Bette Gottfried, president of Dynamic People, a temp agency in White Plains, New York, explains that while they *have* placed a chicken at the opening of a supermarket, “we don’t take any discriminatory orders, and this would probably come under that. We don’t allow our employees to do anything that involves touching,

sex or verbal abuse. And we have a four-hour minimum.”

Aside from changing jobs or moving, there are few acts as anxiety-provoking as hiring a professional killer and getting away with the crime. An FBI agent who has worked extensively in the area of violent crime asserts, “Maybe it happens, but not very often. We get a lot of calls from people who tell us they’ve been solicited to take a contract, but rarely do we see a case where this actually happened. The pros don’t want anything to do with civilians, and the amateurs are gonna get caught. In this country, killing is mostly a do-it-yourself thing.”

If you’re still not dissuaded, experts suggest that if you want to hire a gunman, you have to go to places where people carry guns. For example, a New York City public school, or a Long Island mall. Best of all is a seedy bar that does not serve Amstel Light.

Frequent one such bar until you get to know the bartender. Tip big. When you finally begin to discuss your need, do so only in the most general terms. If the bartender doesn’t know what you’re talking about, he won’t be able to supply the answer. A good bartender will eventually set up an introductory meeting.

Meeting a mechanic is a bit of a tricky area. It’s difficult to trust someone willing to murder for money. There are no hard-and-fast rules, but it’s considered bad form to ask for references. And *please*, do not ask to touch his gun.

You don’t have to hire the first killer you meet. If you don’t feel comfortable, walk away. But do so politely. Don’t hesitate to ask directly if this person is a police officer, and whatever his answer, assume that he either is a cop or will cooperate fully if he is arrested.

Always agree to a price before supplying any details. Do not pay a high percentage up front; this is a killer, not a lawyer. His only expense is bullets.

Pay in cash. According to the IRS, a rubout is not deductible, even if you’re having your business partner killed, because it is an illegal transaction. On the other hand, you don’t have to deduct any taxes or Social Security, so you won’t suffer a “Zoë Baird problem.” The price is negotiable depending on many factors, including the complexity of the job and how important it is to you to stay out of jail for the rest of your life.

The price can be as low as \$150 or as high as \$10,000. It is not advisable to simply hire the lowest bidder. You get what you pay for.

—David Fisher





**RAPPERS
DISCUSS
GUN
SAFETY**

SPY: *So what kind of guns do you have, Mix?*

MIX: I have a Desert Eagle .44 Magnum, all chrome. I have an HK-93, which is a German

assault rifle. They don't even allow you to own that anymore, so that thing is worth *bucks*.

Yeah.

And then I got a pistol-grip 12-gauge, a Glock 17, a little .22 automatic rifle. What else do I have around here? Anything else around here? Can't even remember all the guns I got, man.

Yeah.

I got a little MAC 11 with a 32-round clip. A little MAC 11 9mm. Some other stuff, I'm forgetting. I got a bunch a guns.

Now, a lot of the problems people associate with guns come from them being used incorrectly, isn't that right?

Oh, definitely. The biggest problem I've seen is that people don't respect them. I mean, like me, I'd never run around with my gun cocked. You know, that's

very dangerous. You know, especially having a Glock, which in essence doesn't have no safety. I've never run around with a gun cocked. Never. You know, little stuff like that. You can shoot your nuts off running around with your gun cocked sitting in your pocket. Stuff like that—a piece of lint could pull the trigger, anything.

Is it also important to keep your gun clean?

Yeah, you got to keep them clean, and don't buy used guns. I always tell people, don't buy this shit off the street, 'cause that's junk. You got clips that won't kick bullets up and then they'll get jammed and pop off in your hand, all that kind of stuff. Check your gun out when you buy it. Take it to a gun dealer. Have him look at it—or her.

How do you clean them?

Well, it depends on the gun. I disassemble mine. I break them down as far as

they can be broke down. I clean the springs, clean all the firing mechanisms. I make sure they're lubricated where they're supposed to be lubricated and,

probably more important than that, I make sure they're not lubricated where they're *not* supposed to be lubricated. You know, you don't see grease dripping all down my barrel and all that stuff. My brother is more of a gun collector than I am, but he makes sure that I take care of these things. I don't leave 'em loaded all the time, either. You can mess your clips up that way.

Could you freestyle a rap about the importance of gun safety?

Nope. [Laughs.] I probably couldn't. I mean, I wrote a song a long time ago called "No Holds Barred," which was an anti-gun-control song, but it wasn't really about gun safety. That's some shit you've got to sit down and write about. Most people that freestyle just freestyle about other MCs.

Would you mind sharing your anti-gun-control song with our readers?

Ah, man, I did that song back in 1988. It's kind of hard to remember. I remember it had some lines at the end—"It's a hypothetical situation/ Gun control starts sweeping the nation/ And now ya"—see, forgot it already.

—L.T.



Shot Stories

Like most fads and trends, getting shot started with those crazy kids in the inner cities. Then university students adopted it, and then it was on MTV. Now everyone's getting shot. Well, not everyone. Well, okay, hardly anyone, statistically speaking. In fact, even with Brady Bill panic buying and record gun sales, a solid plurality of us have never taken a bullet and never will. How, then, will we voyeuristic gunshot virgins ever know how it feels to have that little metallic nub take its fantastic voyage through our bodies?

As usual, great literature is of little help. Shakespeare and Sophocles wrote reams about princes rending their doublets and kings poking their own eyes out, but almost nothing about homies getting popped. Hemingway is slightly more helpful on the subject, but even he tends to smother the whole lead-eating experience in billowy layers of self-conscious writerliness.

No such artifice afflicts gunshot victims who have not yet won the Nobel Prize for Literature. In the wake of her unfortunate incident with Amy Fisher, Mary Jo Buttafuoco neatly and succinctly reported that her shooting made her feel as if her head were "exploding." She also claimed to remember saying to herself, "Shit, the little bitch got me," just before passing out from the effects of a bullet that is still, as SPY goes to press, lodged at the base of her skull. Slightly more verbose but just as com-

elling was Major League umpire Steve Palermo, who was shot in 1991 while attempting to foil a robbery outside a Dallas nightspot. Palermo told a reporter a year later that getting shot "felt like somebody was pouring hot water on my legs. There was a warm numbness, as if I was a chocolate bar melting into the hot pavement. Then I felt for my legs and they were like two hollow logs. It was like nothing."

Though he doesn't share Palermo's gift for multiple similes, retired Secret Service agent Tim McCarthy does win points for being one of the few gunshot victims willing to discuss their shooting with SPY (see "Misfires," page 43). McCarthy threw himself between John Hinckley's gun and Ronald Reagan 13 years ago, winning for his efforts a bullet that entered the right portion of his chest and ended up in his lower back. The laconic law-



man, now working for a private security firm in the Chicago suburbs, tells SPY that he knew right away that he'd been plugged. "I guess the best way to describe it," he reports, "is like a hot ice pick going in." McCarthy modestly refuses to take any personal credit for saving Reagan's life. "It was really probably more a function of training," he explains. "I don't know if I could do it again, but I was glad that I did it at that time."

McCarthy's pride in having defended our 40th president (with whom he remains friends) is matched by the regret of the notorious Rap-A-Lot Records recording artist Bushwick Bill, who lost an eye in an incident involving a favor, his girlfriend and a .22 pistol. Despondent over his mother's mounting medical bills, the lead rapper for the Houston-based Geto Boys cocked the gun and handed it to his girlfriend, requesting that she shoot him. She refused, but as happens with such tragic frequency, the gun accidentally discharged, shooting him in the face. A chastened Mr. Bill tells SPY, "Handguns in the hands of those who don't have the foreknowledge to use them can cause a serious problem." He describes the sensation of getting shot in the head at short range as not unlike "a pinch, or somebody poking you

with a needle." Asked whether his experience has made him more critical of violence in films and on television, Bill quixotically rises to the defense of the mass media. "The movies and TV are very accurate about handguns and violence," he insists.

Not all gunshot victims share Bill's sanguine views on media violence, which only proves that the people who take bullets are as diverse as the handguns that spray them. Thomas McDermott, of Garden City, Long Island, tells us that he's become more acutely aware of the TV-violence problem since getting shot during last December's Long Island Rail Road massacre. McDermott also contributes handsomely to our understanding of what it feels like to have a paranoid lunatic shoot you on the train home from work. "I was shot in the left shoulder, and it was a clean entrance and a clean exit wound," he recalls. "It's not like a lightning bolt hit you, but you know that something has happened to you. It was a very, very slight burning, and then you see the blood and you know that, hey, there's a problem here."

McDermott's description strikingly echoes the words to the greatest song ever written about getting shot, Marty Robbins's "El Paso":

Something is dreadfully wrong, for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side.
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle
I'm getting weary, unable to ride.

Robbins's next verse probably says all there is to say about dying in a Mexican maiden-induced gunfight in the West Texas badlands:

But my love for Falina is strong when I
rise where I've fallen,
Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
I see the white puff of smoke from the
rifle,
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.

—Tim Long

Misfires

Many lead consumers are not as effusive as Messrs. McCarthy, McDermott and Bill on the subject of how it feels to get shot. Among those who avoided our phone calls: model Carré Otis, Supreme Pontiff John Paul II, former Alabama governor George Wallace, *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt, Ronald Reagan, professional actor Jameson Parker and the artist Chris Burden. Burden's reticence is particularly galling, given that he voluntarily had a marksman fire a bullet into his arm as part of a performance-art piece entitled *Shoot*.

—T.L.

RAPPERS DISCUSS GUN SAFETY

SPY: What kind of weapon do you have, Fat Joe?

FAT JOE: A .45 automatic.

Do you clean it?

Do I clean my gun? Nah, I don't clean my gun. I really don't use my gun. You know, I just leave it in the bottom drawer just in case a disaster happens....If you have a gun, it's to use in case of emergency. I don't glorify a gun. I don't look at it and clean it and kiss it every day and stuff like that, you know, because a gun is just a form of protection. I'm not looking at it like I love it. Could you freestyle a rap about how it's important not to play with guns?

How it's important not to play with guns? I can't really freestyle a rap now about how it's important to, um, play with guns. And I wouldn't tell nobody that, either. It's just, to each his own, man. Certain people just got their own thing. I'm not a preacher, you know what I'm saying?

Could you freestyle a rap anyway?

Right, let me see if I can freestyle. Right. Yo, Flex, wassup, you wanna freestyle? Check it out, all right? "My name's—"

About gun safety.

About gun safety? Nah nah nah nah. Ain't trying to freestyle about that. I keep telling you.

All right. Whatever you want, then.

Whatever I want? All right: "I once knew a kid who tried to play me and slay me/ And tried to make me rap about some mutha-fuckin' gun safety/ But I just chill and max/ Cuz I'm out to wax/ Suckas I'm gonna tax/ Yo, check it! Fat Joe on the freestyle

tip/ The nigga you don't want to fuck wit'/ And I'm chillin' with my main man Flex/ So tell me who's next/ To catch the wrath/ Of the aftermath."

—L.T.



5TH
IN A SERIES

Fat Joe Da
Gangsta

ATF

**THEY'RE NOT
THE POLICE,
THEY'RE NOT
THE FBI,
BUT THEY'RE
COMING IN!**

EXPERIENCE

MAGNUM

FARCE WITH

THE BUREAU

OF ALCOHOL,

TOBACCO AND

FIREARMS

..... BY

CAROL VINZANT

IT WAS ONE YEAR AGO that about 100 Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms agents staged the high-profile raid of a church commune in Waco, Texas. The media had been alerted, and the bureau was expecting favorable stories about the federal government's smashing the bizarre right-wing fringe group that had hoarded hand grenades and converted automatic weapons. On the morning of February 28, with the press looking on and congressional budget hearings just a few weeks ahead, the fired-up ATF agents charged the compound.

In the ensuing melee, followed by a prolonged standoff and eventual inferno, 4 agents and about 80 Branch Davidians were killed. At that point, the ATF moved from being the focus of gun nuts' grievances to being the center of a national debate.

While most Americans were shocked by the image of federal troops waging an

and, despite the fact that the country is in the midst of a gun-crime epidemic, nothing has changed.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT first took an interest in firearms in the 1930s, when it imposed \$200 taxes on especially dangerous weapons such as sawed-off shotguns and machine guns. Since this was a tax issue, enforcement fell under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department. That was during Treasury's golden age, when "Revenuers" hunted down famous bootleggers like Al Capone, as well as lesser moonshiners who never became household names. The ATF still holds Eliot Ness parties to remind the public that the "Untouchable" was one of theirs—not the FBI's. After Prohibition, the Revenuers became the Alcohol Tax Unit.

By 1952 the unit had graduated to the

F-TROOP

overzealous and incompetent war on a relatively innocuous fringe group—one, at any rate, that posed no demonstrable or immediate threat to outsiders—there were those in Congress and the gun community to whom the events in Waco came as no surprise. The affair brought into sharp focus problems that had been brewing for some time; Waco only affirmed what many already knew about the ATF.

Indeed, the bureau's 22-year history is peppered with warning signs foreshadowing the Waco disaster. Storm-trooper tactics, an occasional reliance on faulty intelligence and a focus on gun-law minutiae rather than the pursuit of dangerous criminals are leitmotifs in the ATF's legacy of ineptitude. While busying itself with easy cases and accruing a hefty list of picayune convictions to gain more federal money, the bureau has virtually ignored its mission of keeping guns away from dangerous criminals. Congress, the courts and the media have had a year to go over the events in Waco,

IRS division level and became the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division; guns were a minor subset. Alcohol continued to dominate decades after Prohibition ended. Agents spent most of their time monitoring purchases of sugar, a key ingredient in homemade liquor. Anyone who bought a large amount of sugar for no known reason was considered a moonshining suspect. Then, as sugar prices soared and moonshining went out of style, the overgrown agency needed a reason to survive.

Bobby Kennedy's assassination inspired the Gun Control Act of 1968, and with its passage the division's firearms mandate grew. Still, only 214 of its 985 agents that year enforced firearms regulations. By 1969 guns warranted their first mention—albeit with third billing—in the group's new title, the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division.

The Waco affair is but one of many bungled raids in the agency's history. The first to garner publicity occurred in 1971, when a team of cops and agents, one of whom had



GEE!!

I WISH I WERE
A BUMBLING,
SEXIST,
TRIGGER-HAPPY
COWBOY

I'd JOIN
The
ATF

Bachem

not yet completed training, raided the Maryland apartment of Kenyon Ballew, a printer and gun collector who the ATFD claimed was in possession of hand grenades. While their supervisors sat in their cars, plainclothesmen acted on a secondhand tip from a burglar and burst in on Ballew, who had been in the bathtub, and shot him in the head as he ran toward them, brandishing an antique cap-and-ball revolver. Ballew lost his civil suit against the Feds, even though he was permanently paralyzed. (The grenades turned out to be casings, empty and harmless. Though some original accounts said that Ballew was the first to fire his weapon, later investigations showed that the only shot he had fired was as a reflex reaction to a bullet entering his brain.)

Partly as a result of this incident and what it revealed about the inadequate training and supervision of young agents, a new weaponry-only bureau was supposed to be formed. That way, agents trained in hunting moonshiners would not be supervising those hunting gunrunners.

By the summer of 1972, the Treasury Department was considering forming the new bureau. According to a former top-ranking ATF official who spoke on the condition of anonymity—we'll call him Dick Bentley—the liquor industry concluded at this point that it was better having a hybrid agency continue to enforce its regulations.

Just before the new bureau was to have been formed, liquor-industry bigwigs met with then-Treasury secretary John Connally and Dick Bentley. They convinced Connally to let the guns-liquor-cigarettes trinity stand.

At the same time, gun lobbyists, according to National Rifle Association board member Neal Knox, began to worry about who would head the bureau. Harold Serr, who had been the head of the ATFD, had made them nervous with his publicly stated desire for more gun laws. In Richard Nixon's vision, the agency needed someone sensitive to the political issue of gun ownership. His first choice was, naturally, G. Gordon Liddy. But Connally wanted to call the shots and decided to stick with the acting director, Rex Davis, who had worked mainly on liquor cases. Davis said he was selected as a nonpolitical alternative to Liddy and Jack Caulfield, Nixon's second choice. Nixon's allies, Davis said, wanted to turn the bureau into their personal police force. Thus, exactly what was supposed to be avoided—the moonshine boys supervising the firearms boys—was institutionalized with the formation in July 1972 of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

"We brought the problem along with us," Bentley said.

According to Knox, after Davis left in the late 1970s, he followed in the tradition of many top ATF officials who had worked on alcohol cases and took a job in the liquor industry.

By the mid-1970s the bureau had begun hiring solely college graduates, but unfortunately the only people to

train them, Bentley said, were "the moonshine guys, who were hired because they could drive good and could walk through the woods and not leave a trail." They were likely to have no college degree and in some cases no high school degree, and the younger agents had no respect for them.

By 1973 the firearms agents in the ATF outnumbered the liquor-compliance officers 952 to 670, but even as the bureau shifted its focus from moonshine to guns, its manpower did not budge from the rural South. "In the late seventies we had 20 guys in Los Angeles and we'd have 100 guys in [fictional jerkwater town] Chitlin Switch, Alabama, because that used to be a big moonshine place," Bentley said.

Not until 1976 did the agency begin making attempts to shift its focus from the rural Southeast to the urban North and West. The Concentrated Urban Enforcement program became vastly unpopular with agents because it would uproot someone nearing retirement from the Deep South and drop him off in Harlem for an undercover drug buy. "I tried [to move agents to the cities], and, boy, was it hard," Bentley said. "You just make enemies. It was a

wrenching experience for an organization. They've been forced into the cities kicking and screaming."

In 1992, the last year for which figures are available, the ATF made 529 firearms arrests from its Charlotte, North Carolina, office, compared with 374 in Chicago. The ATF refused to disclose a state-by-state count of agents, claiming their lives would be endangered.

It's not surprising that if the bureau kept almost all its agents in the South, gun problems in northern cities *would* go unchecked. Meanwhile, gun lovers in

the rural South, already touchy on federal powers and gun issues, would have good reason to feel menaced by the national firearms agency.

During the 1970s the majority of ATF cases amounted to put-up jobs, according to *The BATF's War on Civil Liberties*, a study of the agency written by Tucson lawyer David Hardy and members of the ACLU. Many were "straw man" sales, in which a legal buyer is nothing but a proxy on paper for the actual purchaser, who—for whatever reason—is not allowed to have a gun. While straw sales are a fount of criminal guns, the ATF's straw cases often involved dealers confused as to who the actual purchaser was. Others involved "implied dealership" situations, in which someone sells a gun to another individual, which is perfectly legal. The bureau would try to make the case that if the seller profited from the transaction, he or she should have a gun-dealing license.

The ATF's habit of picking on easy targets rather than arresting dangerous gun owners came up in the 1979 Senate hearings that were designed to bring the ATF to heel. The Senate heard testimony that "75 to 80 percent of ATF cases

**STORM-TROOPER
TACTICS, FAULTY
INTELLIGENCE AND A
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ATF'S LEGACY OF
INEPTITUDE**

brought [in a study of Virginia and Maryland] involved defendants who had no criminal intent, but were enticed by bureau agents into violating technical requirements, which the defendants did not know existed." While the bureau publicly targeted Saturday-night specials, the Senate report revealed that most guns it confiscated weren't handguns and only 4 percent were Saturday-night specials. (According to the latest figures available, only 46.4 percent of the guns the ATF confiscates today are handguns.) In other words, the bureau, the only federal agency specifically charged with handling the mounting gun problem, was ducking its mission: to get weapons out of the hands of dangerous people. While gun-related violence had gone up precipitously since the ATF's formation, Senator Dennis DeConcini (D-Arizona) said that agents "move against honest citizens and criminals with equal vigor simply because they have taken the view that individuals who are interested in firearms are either criminal or close to it."

Jimmy Carter tried to move the ATF's firearms functions to Justice and keep the tax responsibilities under Treasury; the plan came to naught. In the 1981-'82 budget cuts, Ronald Reagan promised to disband the ATF and place firearms regulation with the Secret Service, but he ultimately caved in to pressure from the NRA—which didn't want professionals regulating firearms—and abandoned the plan.

IF THEY KNOW THAT it exists at all, most Americans have only a vague impression of what the ATF does. They may have heard of gun nuts grouching about it; they may have seen flattering liberal press accounts of spectacular raids against unseemly neo-Nazis or Second Amendment freaks. Thanks to the ATF's use of the media to bolster its image, many Americans see the bureau as the government's last bastion against America's right-wing lunatic fringe. In many ways, David Koresh and the Branch Davidians were the ideal ATF target: a bizarre religious "cult" that was accused of child abuse and polygamy. As for the gun laws the Davidians actually violated (the legitimate basis of the ATF's jurisdiction in the Waco case), many serious questions remain.

The focal point of the Waco warrant was weapons that are perennial ATF targets but are seldom used in criminal activities. These include semiautomatic AR-15s and M-16 automatics, as well as hand grenades. The ATF failed to notice that the Davidians were selling inert grenades mounted on wood as novelty items at gun shows.

In the jargon of at least one ATF office, the Waco raid was what is known as a ZBO ("Zee Big One"), a press-drawing stunt that when shown to Congress at budget time justifies more funding. One of the largest deployments in bureau history, the attack on the Branch Davidian compound was, in the eyes of some of the agents, the ultimate ZBO.

Unfortunately, the zealousness with which the raid was executed undermined it. The plan called for the element of surprise as an important precondition. Also, all the compound men were supposed to be working in an outdoor pit. These preconditions were not met—in fact, no one was outside the building. But instead of aborting the raid, the ATF speeded it up.

As in the 1971 case of Kenyon Ballew, exactly who fired the first shot at Waco remains in debate. Original reports say the agents were met with an immediate barrage of fire. But *Soldier of Fortune* magazine reported that an agent accidentally shot himself while climbing out of a cattle trailer. As Koresh told negotiators the day of the raid, "It would've been better if you just called me up or talked to me. Then you all could have come in and done your work."

Just a few months before Waco, the ATF was involved in another standoff with gun-toting religious zealots. While white-separatist Randy Weaver didn't fit the profile of the ideal next-door neighbor, like Koresh he posed no real danger to those outside his inner circle.

Weaver failed to appear in court on charges of selling sawed-off shotguns to an informant—"a weeny, little-dick charge," according to Colonel James "Bo" Gritz, the real-life Rambo who negotiated Weaver's surrender. The government spent about \$1-million keeping Weaver, 44, and his Idaho family under surveillance for 16 months, even using Air Force reconnaissance photography. (Weaver claimed he was targeted by the ATF after balking at a deal to be an undercover informant.)

On August 21, 1992, one of six camouflaged U.S. marshals scurrying around Weaver's property shot Weaver's dog, prompting a heavy exchange of gunfire that killed Weaver's 14-year-old son, Sam, as well as officer William Degan. As the siege continued, the ATF and the Marshals Service disseminated various stories to the press, none of which admitted that the agents shot first. Not until Weaver's trial for the agent's murder did the truth come out.

Picking socially marginal targets and expounding on that unorthodoxy to the press is a typical bureau tactic. The Hare Krishnas have been the butt of countless airport gags and, as it turns out, a decade-long obsession on the part of the ATF. According to Kay Kubicki, a former agent who has leveled sexual-discrimination charges against the ATF, the bureau had constant discussions about the Krishnas throughout the 1980s.

"Somebody had a bug in their ear about the temple," Kubicki told SPY. "I find them annoying but not violent. I was just in disbelief. There was always talk, especially in the eighties, about the Hare Krishnas. They thought they were like the Waco thing: that they were storing guns in the big temple that's in West Virginia. I was going, 'Have any of you ever run into a Hare Krishna?' Here I'm work-



ing on people in narcotics, and these people are worried about individuals who shave their heads!"

Kubicki suspects that if the Branch Davidian raid had been a success, the Hare Krishnas might have been next.

OVER THE YEARS, the relentless pursuit of rosy-sounding statistics has led agents to pursue a variety of questionable cases. These include the confiscation of about five inoperable World War I trophy guns from Iowa's Van Buren County Historical Society.

More recent antics include the 1991 prosecution of Alaska state representative Richard Foster (D-Nome), who had asked a machinist to make a crude nonworking machine-gun replica to display with a dummy on the roof of his gun museum-shop, which primarily sold food-hunting weapons to Eskimos. The machinist called the ATF to check the transaction's legality. The ATF said it wasn't legal, but to make the gun anyway so they could pursue Foster.

If found guilty of illegal-machine-gun-possession charges, Foster, a Vietnam vet and father of nine, said, he could have faced 40 years and \$1.25 million in fines. The jury quickly acquitted him, but the ATF is still slowly returning 38 registered antique guns it took.

The pattern is typical: The bureau bolsters its arrest record by busting friendly, even compliant, targets while chickening out of its real job. This spinelessness is often nothing short of incestuous. ATF cases against fellow law-enforcement officers abound.

While 65 Americans are killed with handguns every day, the ATF set its sights on James Corcoran, a veteran Pennsylvania state trooper who put in a well-intentioned call to the bureau. He asked whether it was legal to make semiautomatic AR-15s from kits and sell them without a special license; the ATF said it was. Five years later, they indicted Corcoran on dealer and possession charges, alleging that he was an unlicensed gun dealer who sold guns that could be converted to automatic. Corcoran, now a captain, was acquitted on all counts.

The ATF also investigated two Camden, New Jersey, cops, Bob Kirkbride and Jim Phillips. They had legally purchased two guns at a shop the ATF was investigating. No charges resulted from the two-year investigation, though the ATF confiscated the two weapons, which they claimed might be convertible to automatic.

The Corcoran and Camden cases were presented on a video produced by Gun Owners of America that David Koresh owned. The video was described in the Waco warrant as a "film that portrayed ATF as an agency who violated the rights of Gun Owners [*sic*] by threats and lies." This was the Davidians' last supposed offense before the ATF sought the warrant.

Statistics are not the only motive behind the ATF's

more frivolous activities; some smack of reprisal. Roger Cox was a gun expert and businessman who lobbied and filed lawsuits against the ATF during the mid- to late 1970s. In 1979 he made a deal with California gun dealer Ed Faust to buy weapons from the government of Guatemala. Faust would supply the cash and Cox, in exchange for some of the guns, the expertise. About 100 of the 10,000 guns they bought were modeled on the Russian Degtyarev 1926, a common war trophy for World War II veterans that is frequently replicated by gun manufacturers in small countries. Not convinced they were authentic, Cox entered "Guatemala" as the country of origin on the purchase forms. Then he sold three of the guns for \$35 apiece. At the time it was a serious crime to import a gun from the Soviet Union without a waiver, which could have been obtained from the ATF.

Eighteen months later, the ATF seized the guns and charged that Cox had "willfully and knowingly misidentified the country of manufacture, thereby falsifying government documents." For this clerical error Cox received the staggering sentence of 60 years. It was suspended, but

he had to serve one year. Cox now wants nothing to do with guns. "They could find something on anyone in the business," he said. "They could find some technical violation and *boom*, you'd lose your license and go to jail."

ATF spokesman Jack Killorin said that cases are based on technicalities because the Gun Control Act—the consensus document that decides which guns are good or bad—is based on technicalities.

IN SOME INSTANCES, agents themselves fear bureaucratic rules even more than gun collectors do. "If an agent shot someone, he's not worried about whether that guy will lose his life," said an anonymous agent. "He's not worried about whether he'll be punished for shooting him. He's worried about whether they'll get him on the paperwork; that's the way they do things. It would be like, 'Yeah, we know you shot this guy, but you forgot Form 62-9, you're out of here, buddy.' "

Troublesome agents often find themselves shipped off to undesirable locations where crime and the cost of living are high. They quickly knuckle under when they hear the menacing words "You're gonna love it in New York City!"

However, transfers are expensive, and, according to agents, that has curtailed their prevalence in recent years—though there was a time when they were popular for just that reason. One senior agent from a regional office who also asked not to be identified told SPY that to maintain its budget levels, the bureau had to prove it spent all the money Congress had given it the previous year. "Between September 1 and September 30 was not a happy time," he said. "September 30 was the end of the fiscal year. Finan-

**THE HARE
KRISHNAS
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PART OF THE ATF**

cial guys would come around and see how much we didn't spend and how many transfers we would have to have."

Some sexual-harassment and racial-discrimination cases offer further insight into the ATF management's backwoods mind-set. From when she started as one of the bureau's first 20 women in 1978 until she went on leave in October 1992, agent Michelle Roberts has charged, she was subjected to numerous sexual overtures. She said she was also discouraged from filing complaints and ostracized when she did. Eventually she decided to file a lawsuit.

Minorities haven't fared much better than women within the agency. "In the late seventies, maybe 35 to 50 percent of our agents were in the Southeast, and we only had one minority," said Dick Bentley. "He was a blond-haired, blue-eyed former football player from Miami. He just happened to have been born in Cuba." Twenty-five black agents have joined a class-action racial-discrimination suit against the bureau.

But the biggest problem with the ATF is a warped sense of priorities that does not give its agents the opportunity to battle gun-related crime where it counts most.

And when the bureau does have a chance to make an impact, it tends to blow the case. After the ATF spent nearly a decade helping in the prosecution of the El Rukn street gang in Chicago, 13 of the resulting convictions were overturned; 24 other El Rukns are seeking a new trial, according to the latest reports. ATF officers had begun "flipping" El Rukn gang members—turning them into informants—in 1982. The imprisoned informants would be allowed free rein of the ATF offices while translating telephone conversations from the gang's secret language. Then last year a judge threw out some of the convictions upon discovering that informants had been having sex in ATF offices. They had also had unsupervised visits with friends and families, tested positive for drugs while in jail (apparently drugs they had obtained while translating at the ATF), been allowed practically unlimited phone calls and had access to a reported pornographic-video library. The ATF in Chicago has been close-lipped about its knowledge of these El Rukn shenanigans in its offices. However, one agent in the area said he and most of his colleagues knew of the misbehavior—and disapproved of it—from the start, 12 years ago.

After Waco, three agents were put on administrative leave and three retired early, including ATF director Steve Higgins, an alcohol-compliance alumnus who is now writing a book on Waco. But the agents who spoke to SPY said that won't be enough to turn the bureau around.

In the last few years, even the ATF's harshest critics admit, the agency has made some improvements. For instance, it now handles arson cases. The official goal is now violent crime, with more agents stationed in major cities.

The moonshine guys have been almost completely replaced by urban-enforcement veterans.

Of the agents SPY has interviewed, most said they came to the ATF because they thought they could do more to fight crime with a federal agency than they could in local law enforcement. There's a certain mystique attached to the Feds. Besides, the FBI and local forces require years of menial duties before officers get to handle cases on their own. At the ATF, agents get out on the streets right away.

Once there, however, the young agent's spirit is typically broken by either paperwork overload, lack of training, lack of support on tougher cases, promotions for friendship rather than performance or the ATF's persistence in going after individual gun owners rather than tackling the larger issue of the illegal gun supply. "They treat agents inhumanely," said Kay Kubicki. "If they would just stop doing that, I would shut up."

According to Kubicki, the bureau attracts sincere crime fighters as well as bureaucrats and testosterone-driven cowboys. These firearms-enforcement agents are often trained

by those who have been on the force only a year or by those who have only worked liquor cases, she said.

The team that worked together in Waco for the first time was an assemblage of Special Response Teams from around the country. The ATF forms SRTs by "hand-picking these superhormone guys," Kubicki said. It was this formula that, in part, led to the disaster. A disaster that, she predicted, is likely to be repeated.

After the embarrassing Waco spectacle, the federal government again flirted with the notion of giving gun-enforcement responsibility to another agency, this time the FBI. And, once again, nothing happened. Al Gore's reinvention-of-government plan called for a merging of the ATF into the FBI, but that plan was predictably abandoned. The ACLU and the NRA joined forces in January to call on Bill Clinton to establish a commission that would study civil-rights abuses by the 53 federal police agencies, citing the Waco and Randy Weaver cases.

Since its first full year of existence, the bureau has increased the number of its agents only slightly (from 1,627 to 1,876). From 1972 to 1992 gun murders rose 47 percent; in the last decade gun-related robberies and aggravated assaults have risen 23 percent. Meanwhile, the only government reaction to the gun crisis has been to inflate the ATF's budget without much thought to directing its forces. The budget has risen from \$76,148,000 in the bureau's first fiscal year to its present level of \$369 million, including \$280 million for law enforcement. Since it took in only 15,011 guns nationwide last year, that comes to \$18,652.98 per gun seized.

Sounds like a bargain to us. ☺

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WHEN THEY HEAR
THE MENACING
WORDS "YOU'RE
GONNA LOVE IT IN
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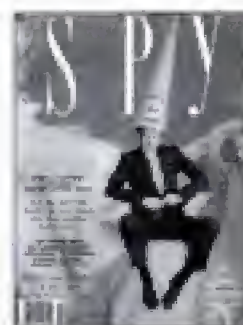


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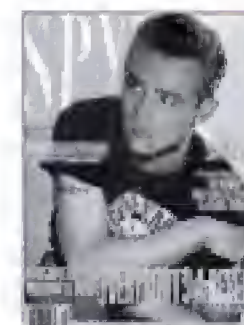
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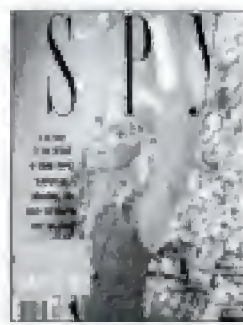


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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES

(Reprinted from first issue)

After my animals died I got more animals because Dad said, "You have all this money." After those animals died I bought surveillance equipment. I think the idea was I wanted to find out who was killing my animals. But after a while I realized that surveillance equipment gave me the edge I needed in the competitive world of Pre-Teen Stars... which I am.

Ω Ω Ω

This publication is made available to Macaulay Culkin's fans in the domestic and international intelligence and counter-terrorist communities. Copies of the defending-your-property sequences in *Home Alone* and *Home Alone 2* may be purchased by Operatives in these communities at greatly reduced rates. The Macaulay Reader is also available in a German edition.

"Ich werde mein Karriere gegen alle Angriffe von drinnen und draußen verteidigen"

"I will defend my Career against all attacks from without and within"

MÖN 7 FEB 7

GOOD MORNING, MR. FAX!!

2/7 0715 HOURS. N.Y.C.

Every morning when I awake, I grin at the hulking monstrosity of my Rotterdänken Fax Intercept System, standing silent sentry over my Career. But that all changed this A.M. The deadly world of the Pre-Teen Stars had intruded, wrapping its icy fingers around my heart and tugging as I read—

2/07/1994 0645 FROM: KORSMO TO: 2125551948
P. 01 OF 05

TO: MACAULAY CULKIN'S PARENTS
FROM: CHARLIE KORSMO

Please call off Mac. I'm so sorry I got those great reviews in *Dick Tracy* and *Hook*. Please tell Mac those reviews should have been his. Please tell Mac when I watch those movies I imagine him instead of me and my performances turn to ashes before my eyes. Please stress to Mac: Ashes. Before my eyes. Please ask Mac to remove the cameras from my family's smoke detectors and to halt the surveillance films. I am so tired of sleeping in a Bomb Blanket capable of repelling low-velocity



KORSMO!!!

2/7 0740 HOURS

ANALYSIS OF ABOVE

1. Korsmo!!...Alive??? And...in...in contact with my...parents??
2. It is exactly as Wolfy foretold (**see last ish, p. 19, next to the Lexus ad**): "Brace yourself, Herr Culkin. Your parents may have been replaced by doubles. They may have been eliminated." Or, he didn't say, the words freezing unspoken between us, *you may have to eliminate them.*

2/7 0905 HOURS

Wolfy (that's VUL-fee) is my operative who works in the basement of the William Morris Agency on 55th. With his 80-line monitor, he's patched into every Morris agent phone on both coasts.

(Thanx to the end of the Cold War, top-grade Ops like Wolfy were forced to go indie. The Cold War's loss, my gain!)

When I arrive, Wolfy tosses me a script disclosed in a routine electronic sweep of the Morris mail room. He doesn't look happy.

"Paramount is sending it to Elijah Wood—your co-star from *The Good Son*, ja?" My fists clench and re-clench. "They want him as the monster's only friend."

Then I notice, it's just a TV pilot. "Hey Wolf," (VUL-f) I sneer. "*Wem hat ein Rattensnarr für den dumme Tee-Vee*

gegeben? [Who gives a rat's ass about a TV pilot?]" I show him the Korsmo Fax.

"This checks out," says Wolfy. "Our informants at *Variety* confirm Herr K. has 'retired, to enjoy his childhood.'"

"Like, he's *twelve*," I scream. "How much of it can be *left*? Me, I think he's running a play. I think he's back in harness. Auditioning again."

"Haben Sie ein Cigaretten, Herr Culk?" coughs Wolfy, his mind racing to decode

this elevated threat level. "Soon I'll have you speaking German like a Naz—a native."

Meanwhile, I'm burning the Elijah Wood script, even though it's of no interest to me. Wolfy's (VUL-fee's) beaming. "You are as the wolverine," he says, "who soils what he cannot eat."

**DESTINATION:
WOLFY**

The Macaulay Reader

February 7-13, 1994

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I OBSERVE JODIE FOSTER, THE GOLDEN AGE PRE-TEEN STAR!

AWARD CEREMONY:
HOTEL PIERRE, NYC

2/8 1215 HOURS

FIRST THOUGHTS: Whoa! Old babe! Someone fouled up big-time!

OBJECTIVE: Ask her The Question, anyway: "Do you swear—on a stack of Bibles—that you have never been offered or sought the lead



in Home Alone 3?"

She laughs...(too hard???)

ANALYSIS: Printout from voice-stress analyzer hidden in M.C. Nintendo cartridge & measuring her tremolo indicates **TRUTH**.

COST OF OPERATION: 21 months surveillance, 7,391 hours film, \$804,979.62. **Fiasco.**

2/8 1445 HOURS WOLFY Teaches THIRSTY Me HOW TO MOUNT a CLANDESTINE OPERATION ON a SODA MACHINE!!!

- * Re-arm an inert grenade.
- * Next, carefully balance "hot" grenade in cup dispenser.
- * Hurry to safe house.
- * After penetration, return, but maintain cover with such phrases as "Yow, what

happened here?" or "I don't know if this is important, but I saw a kid who looks like Lee Harvey Oswald running down the street!"

- * As opposition groups disperse in pursuit, enjoy your soda. You've earned it!

• MOM'S CORNER •

2/8 CONTINUOUS LOOP

TIME CODE

AUDIO

07:13:26:05

Mac, it's gotten so I don't feel clean anymore! In my own house! (Screaming at smoke detector) And did you put those new "dresses" in my closet? Well, I'm not wearing them! I know what you've done to them! (Mom ripping up dresses; way cool) Coated them with some kind of god-damn—

07:13:33:49

(Mom leaping and leaping at smoke detector. Falling just short. Bizarrely fascinating) Whhhh!...Whuhhh!... Whuhh!... Little Bast...! Uhhhkk!...

07:14:01:06

(Sobbing. Screaming at eyeglasses) AND WHY ARE YOU SO DAMN HEAVY?—OMIGOD, OMIGOD, I CAN HEAR THE CAMERA CLICKING!—OMIGOD IT'S IN THE—(Hurls glasses at walls. End transmission)

MOM'S CORNER



2/9 0810 HOURS SIMPLE INTERROGATION OF SUBJECT BROTHER, KIERAN CULKIN, AGE 10

KIERAN:Dad?

MAC: Precisely. Remember that script that was sent in for Macaulay but I said we'll push you for the role instead, because why should Mac get everything?

KIERAN: Dad, why is your voice coming out of the shower head—ow! ow! OW! That's really hot! *What script, what script—?*

Subject brother starring in *Nowhere to Run*, also seen in *Father of the Bride* and *Home Alone* in roles that could've been played by anyone.

MAC (using Portable Voice Scrambler): Kieran?

2/9 1215 HOURS

DR. LOTT-McNAIR, Ph.D.
RECOMMENDED BY STUDIO

She says Perhaps...*Home Alone* movies have given me false idea it's me against the world?

REMARKS: desk foto Allyson Lott-McNair, age 3 months.
Possible *Home Alone* 7 rival?



BEGIN SURVEILLANCE

I'M HAPPY BECAUSE OF MY.....



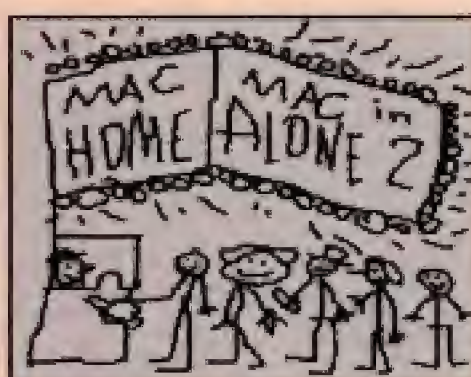
A



B



C



D

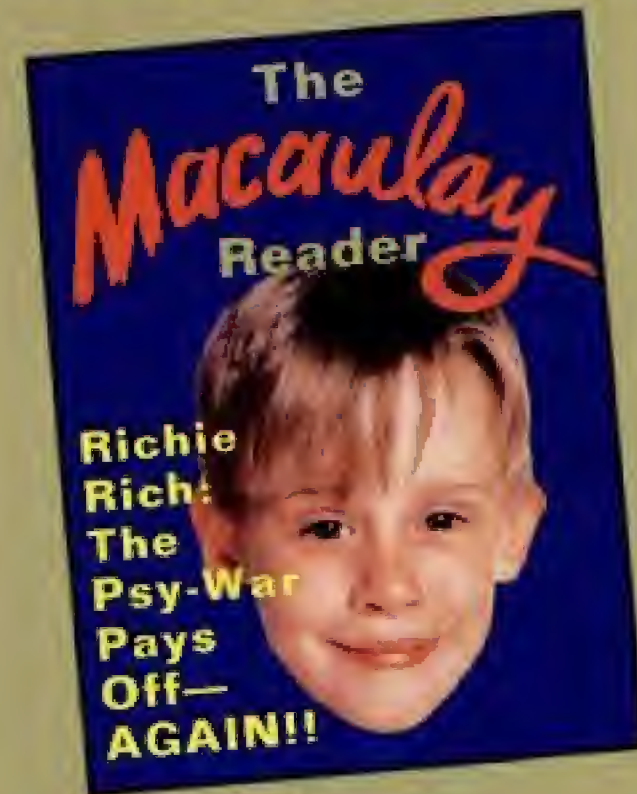
- A) BODY ARMOR THAT STOPS .357 MAGNUMS
- B) NIGHT SLAYER GOGGLES WITH VOLTO-DOT BEAM
- C) TERROR SATELLITE
- D) FANS LIKE YOU

FAMILY MEETING!

2/9 1900 HOURS Dad (if he is Dad) says there has been a general breakdown in family morale, and does anyone know why? However, everyone is apparently too busy patting under their chairs, unscrewing phones, holding stethoscopes to walls, unplugging the TV, covering mirrors, gutting cushions, smashing smoke detectors, shaking books, stripping the piano, and snipping chicken wire, to venture a guess.

I hadn't noticed, myself.

YOU ASKED FOR IT! BIG THIRD PRINTING!



MAC READER #107

Contents:

I Hire a Bulgarian Assassin to Trail Elijah Wood * 36 Pages of Transcripts on the Mrs. Doubtfire Kids * My Bodywire Itches! * Is Dad Faking His Polygraphs? * Is Someone Artificially Stimulating My Heartbeat? * Plus Special Book Bonus! I Begin My Novel: THE CULKIN AGENDA

"Now that you're thirteen," said Wolfy, "you're technically not a Pre-Teen Star."
"Shut-up. Shut-up. Shut-up," said Mac. "Who pays the freight around here? I do. Shut-up."
Mac went on, "So. Mikhail Jacksonovitch (Sascha) has gone over to the other side. Buddying up to other Pre-Teen stars. Fine. A few minutes on the hog-dehaier. He'll talk."
Wolfy gasped. "But—but—Sascha adores the hog-dehaier."

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SPY

BIG PICTURES

This month: *How much is that body in the window?; blue peter; bewitching Bolshevik bedside manner; kicking in the habit. March 1994*



American nun helps launch church's new Kick Box for Christ campaign.

SPY *BIG PICTURES*





Through the hooking glass:
Thai businesswomen anxiously
await their clients.

SPY *BIG PICTURES*





A compelling argument against socialized medicine: Russian doctors start treating V. I. Lenin for a stroke 70 years after his death.

SPY *BIG PICTURES*

Pilgrims in India gaze in awe at world's largest statue of a naked Smurf.





THE GENUINE LEATHER U.S. ARMY FIELD JACKET



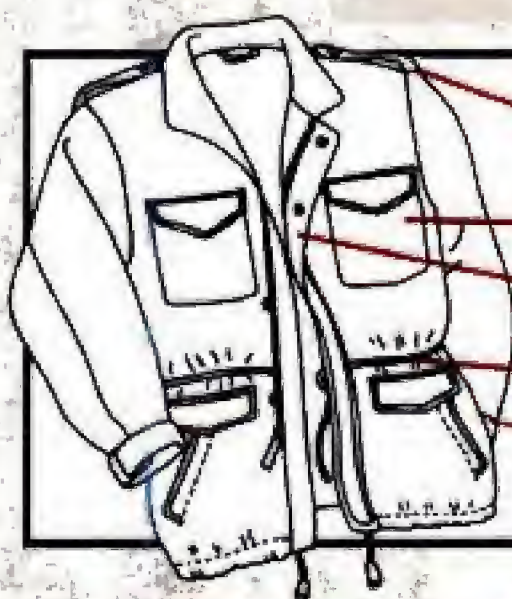
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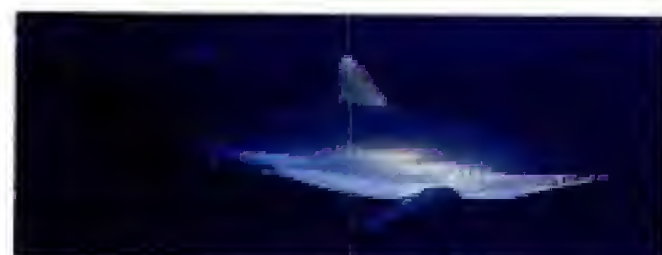
FAMILY-STYLE

DINING IN

THE CITY OF

ANGELS.

Café



Proprietress Ava Fabian





Mostruosa



THE DATE IS DECEMBER 11, 1992. The place is a plush private club in Beverly Hills called Ava's. The occasion, the postpremiere party for Fox's *Hoffa*. Jack Nicholson, the star, resplendent in his tuxedo, surrounded by a bevy of beautiful young women, is explaining his uncanny resemblance to the infamous Teamsters boss. His costar and director, Danny DeVito, is admiring the live-shark tank. James Caan, accompanied by his crew, is holding court in a private booth with drawn velvet curtains. The party looks to be a huge success, with more than 500 of Hollywood's greats, medium greats and wanna-be greats present in an excited we're-all-players crush. Even Clint Eastwood and some of the old Hollywood legends have deigned to show. Earlier this evening, Nicholson, DeVito and their entourages dutifully attended the benefit screening of the film,

followed by a party underwritten by Rupert Murdoch for the benefit of two L.A. social-service agencies, Tripod and Para Los Niños. That out of the way, it's time for fun.

The party—like many others along the same lines—is hosted by Ava Fabian, a 1986 *Playboy* centerfold and the club's official proprietress. At her side is her lover (and the real owner of the club), convicted felon John Scotto, son of reputed New York Gambino-family capo Anthony Scotto. Friends of management have also turned out in force for the event. There's Joe Denti, a member of the Lucchese mob in New York, and his crew, plus, of course, his business partner, *GoodFellas* star Joe Pesci. There are Joe Ippolito and Ronnie Lorenzo, who in a year or so will be sentenced to ten and eleven years, respectively, for drug trafficking. There's Ivan Nagy and his compan-

ion, Julie Conaster, who eight months later will both be arrested for pandering. And, natch, no top-notch, mobbed-up Beverly Hills party would be complete without beautiful hookers. Ranged around the room are a number of "Heidi's Girls," along with regulars from other, more discreet Hollywood stables.

Ironical that to celebrate a movie about one of America's most notorious mobsters, stars of this caliber would be hobnobbing with mobsters? Not really. A sort of perverse admiration for mobsters was probably why the movie got made in the first place. Why shouldn't they enjoy a little frisson from rubbing tuxedos with the real thing? Besides, the wiseguys had a *right* to be there. This was their club, their movie. The party's host, *Hoffa* executive producer Joe Isgro, whose company had co-produced the movie with Fox, was at the time



under indictment for 57 counts of payola and had been linked with New York Mafia boss John Gotti.

The *Hoffa* bash, which lasted well into the early-morning hours, did not go unnoticed by the law-enforcement community. The revelers were unaware that several of them had become the subjects of major federal, state and local organized-crime investigations. Six months later, Heidi Fleiss and four of her girls would be arrested in a sting operation as part of that investigation. Although Heidi's relationship with the mob was probably only peripheral, the task force believed otherwise, and her arrest gave the investigators subpoena power. The authorities have used that subpoena power to gather evidence on the mob's infiltration of Hollywood and its players. One highly sensitive avenue of investigation the authorities are pursuing is whether clients who met call girls at Ava's were allowed to add the hookers' charges to their bar bills. Since many of these johns were employees or guests of various studios, agencies, law firms and other institutions of Hollywood's merchant class, this in turn means those services were paid for out of corporate accounts. Where this money then went is also a matter of some fascination to the police.

The Organized Crime Intelligence Division of the LAPD has prided itself on keeping the mob, particularly the Italian Mafia, out of L.A. People used to be well aware in law-enforcement and mob circles that the OCID would meet organized-crime figures when they arrived at LAX and suggest to them that they immediately return whence they came. If they were not receptive to these suggestions, the OCID might then move on to methods of persuasion with which the visitors were more familiar, often involving the lower portions of their anatomy. A veteran OCID detective told SPY that

about five years ago a political decision was made to become less physical with visiting mobsters. And as recently as 1992, L.A. District Attorney Ira Reiner could boast that "we don't have a Mafia problem here....[We] disabuse anybody who is lured here by the sun or whatever of the notion that Los Angeles is open territory."

A five-month investigation by SPY has revealed that, on the contrary, in the last few years New York mobsters have gained a significant foothold in Hollywood.

John Scotto's father, Anthony, was vice president of the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA); Anthony's wife, Marion, is the daughter of Anthony "Tough Tony" Anastasia and the niece of Murder Inc. boss Albert Anastasia. She is the current owner of Fresco, a Manhattan restaurant that has gotten rave reviews from the always enthusiastic Gael Greene of *New York* magazine. In 1980 the elder Scotto, whose friends included former New York mayors John Lindsay and Robert Wagner and former New York governor Hugh Carey, was sentenced to five years in federal prison for taking payoffs from waterfront companies. In 1990, Scotto senior was named in a civil suit brought by the U.S. Justice Department, along with Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno of the Genovese crime family and John Gotti, former head of the Gambino family. Among other things, the complaint alleged that Marion Scotto (who was not a defendant) was getting \$120,000 a year in no-show jobs from the ILA. The suit was later settled when Anthony Scotto agreed to be barred for life from having any dealings with the ILA.

In the mid-1980s, after graduating from law school, the six-foot-three, darkly handsome younger Scotto headed to sunny California to make his fortune. He joined the law firm of Richman, Lawrence, Mann & Greene. But Scotto, who preferred sampling the legion pleasures of L.A. nightlife to slaving over legal briefs, quickly got himself into trouble. He was forced to settle a malpractice suit a



Ava
brawn:
JOE,
DANNY,
JACK,
SLY,
JIMMY,
DON

client filed against him. He began to associate with transplanted New York mobsters and got himself into the restaurant business. In 1989, Scotto was arrested by the OCID for extortion; he'd allegedly attempted to use New York mob tactics in a dispute he was having with the ownership of the Palace nightclub. Eventually Scotto pleaded no contest to a lesser charge and was sentenced to 15 months in jail.



Unlike his forebears, Scotto took it upon himself to legally go after the very people who had arrested him, and he filed a lawsuit for, among other things, slander against the LAPD and Detective Michael Brambles of the OCID. Scotto later dropped the lawsuit. In the face of disciplinary proceedings, he also resigned from the California bar. When he got out of prison, he opened a restaurant that he named—with a certain wit—Bar One. It was just outside of Beverly Hills on Sunset Boulevard, and he bought it from Joe Isgro. When Isgro owned it, the restaurant was called Nick's Fish Market and later Stefanino's, and it was a hangout for both local organized-crime figures and visiting Mafia royalty. According to *Stiffed*, by William Knoedelseder, regulars included Las Vegas mobster Guido Penosi, Philadelphia family boss Nicodemo "Little Nicky" Scarfo, New Jersey's

Gaetano Vastola and Joseph "Joe Piney" Armone, John Gotti's underboss, whom Isgro called Uncle Joe.

(Isgro, who was raised in South Philadelphia, had gone from a \$135-per-week job as a promotion man for Decca Records to handling 20 percent of all moneys spent for promotion by all the major record labels. In 1985 he was reportedly paid \$4.5 million by CBS Records alone. In early 1986, Isgro was identified on *NBC Nightly News*, in a report entitled "The New Payola," as being associated with Gotti. NBC reporters saw Isgro greeting Joe Piney Armone in the lobby of the Helmsley Palace hotel just moments after Gotti himself had entered the lobby, greeted Armone and gone upstairs. It was reported that after the meeting, Isgro left the Palace to attend the first Rock and Roll Hall of Fame awards dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. Isgro has been quoted as saying that Armone was a dear

friend and that every time Isgro returned to New York, he would have dinner with him. Piney has since, alas, gone to his reward.

The news report was a huge blow to Isgro. Within days, every major record company except CBS had dropped him. Isgro went on the offensive and filed an antitrust suit against a dozen record companies, including Capitol, MCA and Warner Bros. By the summer of 1988 nearly all of them had settled with him. In 1989, Isgro was indicted on the 57 payola charges. In August 1990 the federal case went to trial, but the judge dismissed it four days later, citing "outrageous government misconduct." The Justice Department appealed, and Isgro's trial finally began in late January 1994. If convicted, he could face up to 200 years in prison.)

Scotto's Bar One wasn't the kind of



neighborhood saloon that has an arm's-length rolls-and-tablecloth arrangement with local Mafia suppliers. This was, as it had always been, a mob joint—a *family* place, a regular hangout for wiseguys and not-so-wise stars. Scotto, who can be very

talkative, has told SPY that Jack Nicholson, Sly Stallone, Charlie Sheen, Sean Penn and Rob Lowe were just a few of the regulars who filled his place, soaking up those thrilling Cosa Nostra vibes. And the bar's former owner, Isgro, returned often to add a little class. Some of Scotto's other customers included Jimmy Caan, Joe Pesci and their friend and business associate, the aforementioned New York mobster Joe Denti. Scotto's roommate, drug trafficker Joe Ippolito, and his partner, Ronnie Lorenzo, were regulars, too. The gang who later put Ava's on the map came together at Bar One.

On March 28, 1991, Sly Stallone, his bodyguard and his entourage were partying at Bar One. As he was leaving, Stallone apparently took exception to being photographed by paparazzo E. L. Woody. In a lawsuit filed against Stallone by Philip Norris, a passenger in Woody's car, it was alleged that Stallone, driving a black Mercedes, repeatedly rammed the Honda Civic that Norris was riding in during a chase through Beverly Hills. (Stallone said at the time that Woody was ramming *his* car; the suit, Stallone told SPY through a spokesperson, was "amicably settled.") The incident was investigated by the D.A.'s office and the Beverly Hills police, but no criminal charges were brought. Scotto has told SPY that the reason the investigation went nowhere was that one of his employees lied to the police for Stallone. An L.A. law-enforcement





Ava-
ready:
IS GRO
(ABOVE);
HEIDI,
SHAPIRO
AND
FRIENDS
(RIGHT)

official who understandably asked for anonymity confirmed this.

According to Scotto, Stallone promised the employee \$90,000 but never paid. Scotto said, "Stallone said to me, 'As one Italian to another, I promise to take care of the kid if he does this for me.' " Stallone denies having any such relationship with the witness.

Later in 1991, the department of Alcoholic Beverage Control finally caught up with Johnny Scotto, and he was forced to sell his ownership in Bar One. (It is against the law for a convicted felon to own a liquor license.) Oddly, the local ABC gave him 180 days to sell his interest, and Scotto, although he was being forced to sell, got \$750,000 for his interest in Bar One. By early 1992, Scotto, who was eager for action, went looking for investors to buy another joint. He settled on the former Tramp of London nightclub, which had been owned by Bruno Vietina, proprietor of one of Los Angeles's better restaurants, Madeo, and his partner, the ubiquitous Giancarlo Parretti. How Parretti, who took over MGM with a \$1 billion loan from Credit Lyonnais, came to own and then sell a nightclub to John Scotto is as mysterious as all Parretti's other doings. (SPY was unable to reach Parretti, who is currently being sued by a Milan hotel for passing more than \$225,000 in bad checks.)

Apparently Scotto couldn't entice any of his drug-dealing or mob friends to go in with him. Instead he convinced Santo Orta, a Cuban expatriate who sells religious paraphernalia to stores in L.A., to invest \$445,000, his life savings, in return for 37.5 percent of the business. Scotto also convinced Stan Herman, a successful L.A. real estate broker, to sign the lease for the \$21,000-per-month nightclub, and he convinced Herman's partner, Stephen Shapiro, to act as president of the 8522 Beverly Blvd. Corporation, the corporation Scotto formed to run the club. Ava Fabian, Scotto's girlfriend, agreed to let her name be used on the liquor license. Scotto says he invested \$400,000 of his own money

in the deal, and that it was perfectly legit. The authorities felt otherwise.

Ava's was located in the basement of the Beverly Center. While it was supposedly a private club, with membership fees running \$350 per annum plus \$20 per month, male nonmembers could simply pay a \$15 admission fee to get in; female nonmembers simply had to be attractive. Scotto spared no expense to refurbish the club. It had a poolroom, a glass-enclosed disco and a private phone in each dining booth. He spent \$25,000 for a tank of live sharks, doubtless an intentional symbol of the club's provenance. The dining room could seat 125 people and had 6 private booths that could be shut off by heavy velvet curtains. According to Scotto, Jack Nicholson in particular loved those private booths.

Ava's also had something most unusual: a "drug bathroom." This was for the use of special guests and was guarded by an unofficial monitor, a hooker named Janelle who had BAD LITTLE BITCH tattooed on her neck. It became a hangout for the crowd from Bar One, as well as upscale Hollywood hookers, including some of Heidi's Girls. The club, which could accommodate 700 all told, had a highly respectable board of directors, including Quincy Jones, Steve Tisch, record producer Richard Perry and Ray Stark's daughter, Wendy. Some of the regulars included the ever-youthful Tony Curtis, Irving Azoff, Don Henley and the immensely popular Jon Peters. Don Johnson and his wife, Melanie Griffith, would sometimes join the band and croon a few. Ivan Nagy and Julie Conaster, along with some of their girls, were there every night.

Joe Denti and his then-girlfriend, a six-foot blond Canadian hooker



named Judy Fillonova, were regulars, too. Denti, who lives at 1801 Lexington Road in Beverly Hills, in a house rented from Charo, is associated with Joe Pesci in a company called Metropolitan Productions Inc. The company's CEO is Joseph Garzilli, whose previous claim to fame was stiffing travel agents when his Flyaire Vacations went bankrupt. (He was also the third husband of singer Connie Francis.) When we called Metropolitan at 1801 Lexington Road, the phone was answered by Joe Denti.

Jimmy Caan would regularly visit the club with Denti and others. Caan testified as a character witness at the drug-trafficking trial of Ronnie Lorenzo. Caan, according to Scotto, had loaned Lorenzo \$100,000 to open another eatery, Mulberry Street Pizza

SPY that Scotto, Denti, Isgro, Lorenzo and others have been under surveillance and investigation for almost two years. The investigation, which is now under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Attorney's office in L.A., includes officers from the OCID, the Beverly Hills police, the DEA, the California Attorney General's office, U.S. postal authorities, the IRS and the FBI.

Heidi Fleiss was arrested in a sting operation in June 1993 by officers from the administrative vice section of the LAPD. Captain Glenn Ackerman, the commanding officer of Ad Vice, mistakenly stated at the time that his unit had been investigating Heidi for months. Well, not quite, Captain Ackerman. The truth is, two days prior to Heidi's arrest, the commanding officer of the OCID, Captain James Docherty, called Detective Fred Clapp of Ad Vice and told him to send over two officers to execute an arrest. Detective Patricia Corso of Ad Vice prepared the arrest and search warrants.

The OCID had used Ad Vice to execute the arrest so that its investigation could remain secret. It was the opinion of the OCID that Heidi's involvement with organized crime was getting out of hand. That opinion, while understandable, was also incorrect. Heidi knew Joe Denti, although she calls him "an ugly little Italian monster." She has admitted dating and having had a childhood

crush on Jimmy Caan, Denti's and Ronnie Lorenzo's friend. She also dated, in late 1992, Scotto's associate Stephen Shapiro. Denti's onetime girlfriend, whom Heidi refers to as Hoover (and not for her cleaning ability), had worked for her. Very often, Heidi's Girls and the girls of Hollywood's 10 or 12 other premier madams would rendezvous with their clients at Ava's. Nagy, whom Heidi had been involved with for years, was



in Beverly Hills. Caan even offered his home as collateral for Lorenzo's bail. Caan said of Lorenzo's arrest, "I certainly don't condone crime, but if this man committed a crime, he would have to be Houdini. I'm with him all the time." James Tyler, one of the jurors who convicted Lorenzo, said of Caan, "It was a little ironic, this guy in the *Godfather* movie testifying here."

Law-enforcement officials have told



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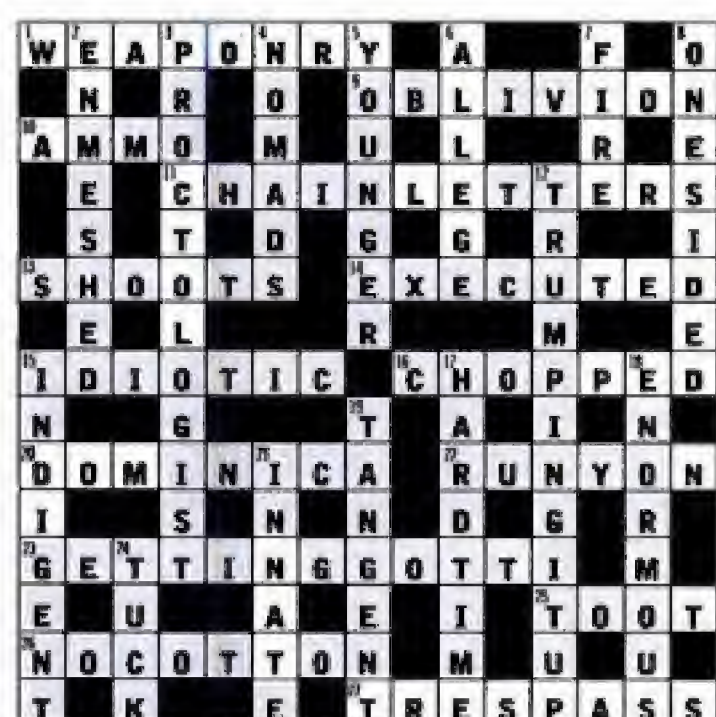
a regular at Ava's. But for all that, the truth is that Heidi was more guilty of having bad taste in friends than of having a relationship with the mob.

As things have turned out, intense press attention to Heidi has actually distracted the media from the far more serious web of mob influence in which she was only marginally involved. Heidi had unintentionally become a fall girl for the mob. While unforeseen, this can only have helped the OCID's operation. The task force believes that money from Ava's was being washed by Scotto and that some of that money was sent to Scotto's hometown address in Brooklyn. (Scotto says it was "return of capital" to investors. The other major investor, Santo Orta, claims that none of it returned to him.) The task force has subpoenaed a roomful of documents from Ava's, Heidi, Ivan Nagy, other people involved with Ava's and even Columbia Pictures. In June 1993, just days after Heidi's arrest, Ava's liquor license was seized by the ABC, which cited undisclosed ownership by John Scotto, and the club was closed. Stan Herman, who is stuck with the lease, has applied for a new liquor license. On October 25, Scotto was indicted for having tried to bribe a member of the ABC. He pleaded guilty and was scheduled to be sentenced February 3.

The ongoing task-force investigation has opened doors to lawmen that previously they could only fantasize about. Authorities expect that the roomful of Ava's documents and some newly cooperative witnesses will give them extraordinary insight into wise-guys' Hollywood influence: which restaurants and bars have been infiltrated; which actors and producers may have been compromised by the mob; which agencies and studios have allowed its tentacles inside their doors. Where the investigation will now lead is anybody's guess, but Johnny Scotto's moment in the spotlight is over for good. ☾

This is Part 1 in a series of articles on Hollywood and the New Mob.

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS



ACROSS 10. The Caesars spoke Latin: *amo* around the Roman numeral *M*. I don't know that *M* was something they actually spake, orally, to mean a thousand, as in "M points of light," but render unto me a little leeway here. I daresay they spake not: "And you are the CMXLVIIIth point of light?" But who is to say that they didn't toss off the odd *M* or *C* or *X* in conversation? Say an arm severance counted five points in the gladiatorial games: Don't you imagine the announcer would cry, "V!"? We say "C-note," don't we? At least we used to. At least crooks used to. Ah, those were the days. **11.** Okay, here's a current issue. Chain letters. I would like to state publicly now that I do not respond to chain letters, except by throwing them away. Some chain letters are Ponzi schemes. I got one recently that said if I would send a piece of underwear to each of the five people listed below, I would soon find myself inundated by underwear, myself. I didn't bite. I didn't want to be inundated by underwear. **15.** To *ID* is to "identify," plus *I* for "one," plus *Cito* (Cito Gaston, manager of the Toronto Blue Jays) "backing up." "Gaston backing" would perhaps be a clearer indication, but it wouldn't fit the syntax of this spurious sentence, and "backing Gaston" is like "backing a truck," right? **16.** *Copped* around *H*. **20.** If this reference were to the Dominican Republic, it would have more relevance to American crime, but Dominica is an independent republic, one of the Windward Islands, and I daresay it has its own share of *contrabanditos*. Dominic DiMaggio is Joe's brother. **22.** *Print* is a synonym for *run*, journalistically, and while it is hard to come up with an equivalent to *yon*, "that castle over there" is the same as "yon castle," isn't it?

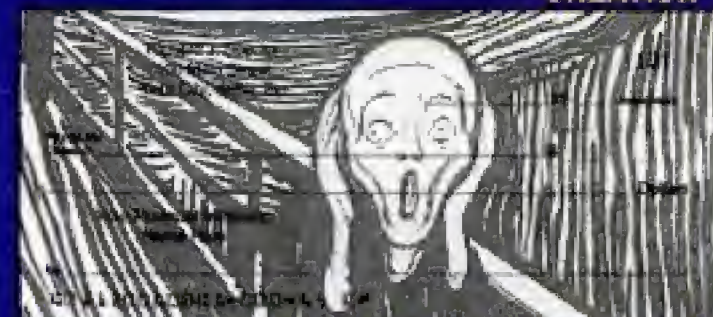
DOWN 2. "Objectively, I" is *me*; "her subjectively" is *she*; conclusion is *end*. **3.** Proctology has little enough to do with guns and crime (let us hope—what if the FBI were to call and say, "We've been watching your proctologist, and we'd like to implant a little surveillance device..."), but put yourself in

my place: You have *P-blank-O-C*, and eight blanks after that, and it hits you that *proctologist* fits. And it's not as if lots of other things would fit. I hold no brief for proctologists or for jokes about them, but any port in a storm. Okay, could have gone with *proclamation* instead—but how much fun is that, and how much more pertinent is it to the topic of guns and crime? Whereas don't you think there's at least a bit of murder-mystery tone to that doctor at the end? Clearer if it had been a butler, but would you want a butler scrutinizing your anus, for crying out loud? "Publicity" is, of course, *PR*, "month" is *Oct*, "nothing" is *O*, "Look" is *lo*, "the essential element" is *gist*. After the revolution, we will all be able to do what we want to do in life. **5.** Reference is, of course, to the Younger Brothers, famous outlaw gang. Cole, Robert and James. Cole, the dominant Younger, was also the youngest. **6.** *Leg in ale*. **15.** *Tending* plus *I* (for "one"), jumbled ("carelessly"). What are we to say, candidly, about the fact that a lawyer who doesn't get paid much is usually not much of a lawyer, and therefore that under our system of justice you are innocent until proven needy? If more everyday cases were on Court TV, would more lawyers take on indigent clients, and work hard for them, for the exposure? Court TV is a great thing, but it can only cover a smattering of the nation's day-to-day justice. On the basis of some time spent in courts journalistically, I would say that the issue of the great majority of criminal cases is not guilt or innocence but splitting the difference. Usually the defendant did do something he doesn't want to admit. If he's rich, he can hire somebody who will negotiate his penalty down, ideally, to scandal and exorbitant legal expenses. If he can't afford such expenses, he has to pay by being locked up (assuming there is a vacancy) with people who function best in a prison economy. To keep oneself apart from such raw social Darwinists is one of the main motivations of capitalism. Personally, I am not an enthusiastic capitalist, but I accept capitalism's terms because I don't believe in anything higher. Socialism tries to institutionalize sharing, and any parent of more than one child knows how impossible fairness is to adjudicate, how superficial a notion fairness is. But here's where I separate myself from Republicans: I wouldn't want to live anywhere where people weren't anxiously, angrily insisting that justice is what justice sounds like it ought to be (everybody treated alike), whatever evidence to the contrary. I know "everybody treated alike" is foolish, but I also know that to give up on such foolishness is to say, "Do whatever you can pay for," and I am not that permissive. Whereas Republicans *equate* "everybody treated alike" with "Do whatever you can pay for." How did I get off on this? **24.** A fold is a *tuck*, and then there's Friar Tuck. Don't get me started on religion. ☺

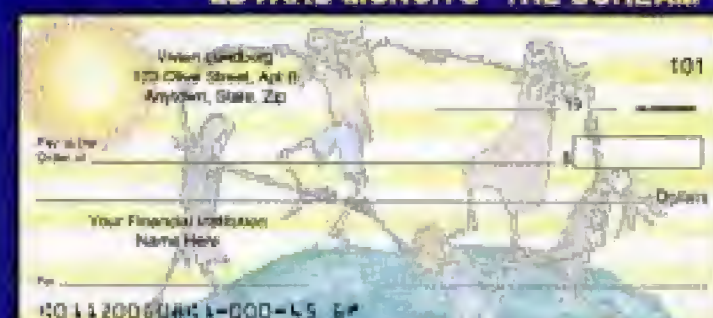
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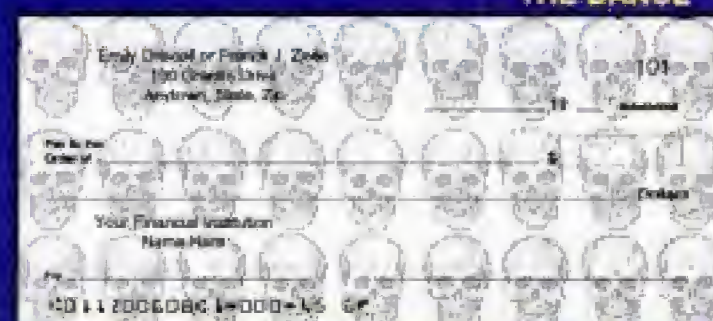
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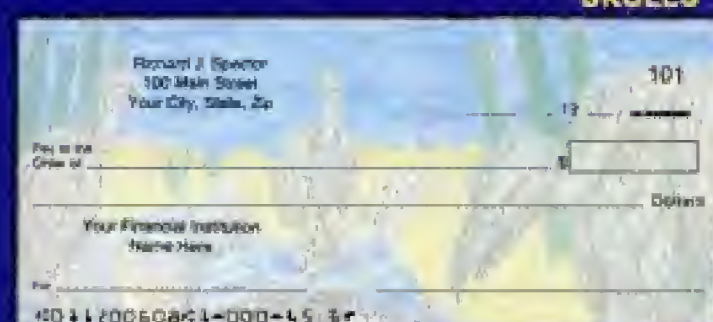
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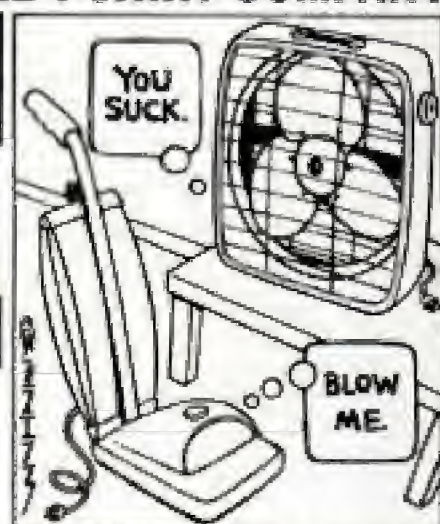
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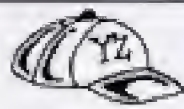
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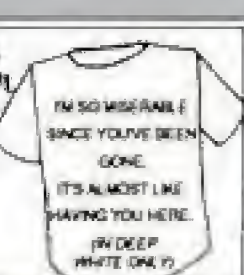


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Guns & Us

**No Turning Back Now—Let's
Arm Children More Heavily**
by Roy Blount Jr.

I grew up playing guns. Romped around in the yard for hours wasting imaginary people all by myself, just aiming a stick and oralizing. The standard gunshot noise was sort of *SPSKL*, for some reason. Followed by ricochets: *tschooo-eeeeng*, *p'yonnng*. Then my friends and I got Christmas cap pistols. It would make me feel fondly nostalgic, today, to smell a fired cap. Closer to puberty we even shot BB guns at one another, running through the woods, the only rule being that you *should* shoot people in the back, so you wouldn't put out an eye and justify your parents.

What cured me of gunlove was the Army. One morning in training I was pumping rounds with relish into pop-up targets on a real landscape when two things dawned on me: that this was miserable work after a while—sweat in my eyes, helmet sliding down over my eyes, forehead and nose getting more and more scraped and chafed as I wiped my eyes unsatisfactorily with my sleeve and

pushed the helmet up—and that the targets represented people who would also be sweating and chafing and shooting at me.

Ever since then I have felt that the worst nightmares of the National Rifle Association would be no skin off my nose. The only way to counter the NRA's absolutism is to take an equivalent position on the other side: I am for banning everything that is illegal to carry onto an airplane, not only firearms but butcher knives (so we'll all be vegetarians!) and sharp sticks.

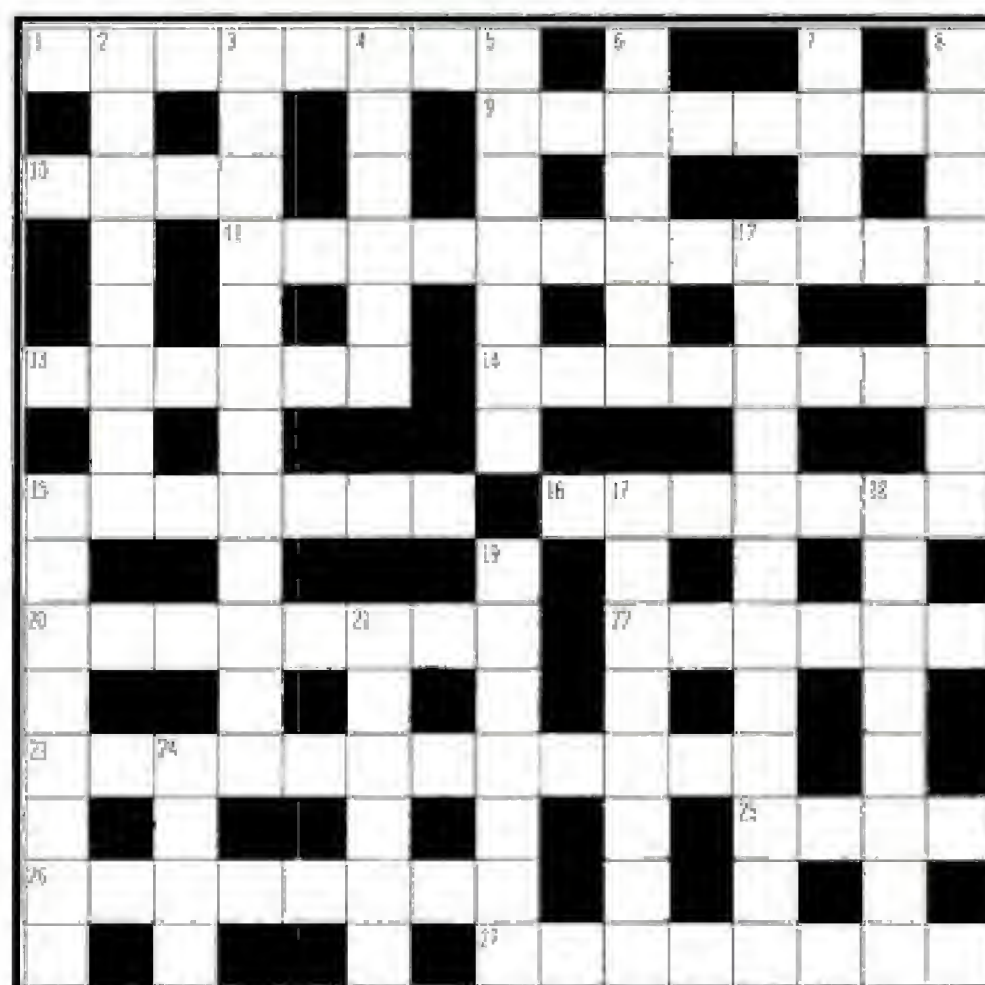
The reason I can say that, though, is that I am not a schoolchild today. When Bill Clinton made his speech against black-on-black violence last fall, an urban high school student was quoted as saying, in effect, *That's easy for him to say—he's got armed bodyguards*. Kids pack guns in school to protect themselves from other youngsters. Defense purposes.

So I guess we'll have to work through the arms race in the schools as sensibly as we did the big one with the Russians: designate certain kids as good guys and supply them with rockets and bombs, until finally the bad kids can't afford to keep up.

Or we could require all schoolchildren to wear helmets. The old steel pots I had to wear in the Army. Those things look cool, but they're a pain.

ACROSS

1. Arms get tired hugging bobtail little horse. (8)
9. The opposite of fame for Ullmann: surrounded by no bio, somehow. (8)
10. As Caesar would have put it, "I love around a thousand bullets." (4)
11. How prisoners in dungeons communicate? (5,7)
13. Puts lead into little sprouts. (6)
14. Hit carried out. (8)
15. Stupid to identify one backing Gaston. (7)
16. Cut up heroin, stole around. (7)
20. Joltin' Joe's brother? A little country. (8)
22. Print that over there, sentimentalizer of hoods. (6)
23. Pinning something on John the Don: Spread around three G's and tit tonite. (7,5)
25. Blow back and forth. (4)
26. "Say you wanna talk about *white-collar*



crime? Well, that too's black-begotten./ How you gonna have any white-collar crime/ If they didn't pick _____?" (2,6)

27. Wrongful entry just *happens* to rhyme with *press pass*. (8)

DOWN

2. Netted objectively, I touch her subjectively in conclusion. (8)
3. Publicity month, nothing! Look, the essential element is the doctor who's there at the end. (12)
4. First working day coming up, sad crazy

- wanderers. (6)
5. Bad brother born later. (7)
6. Member in the drink! Charge! (6)
7. Shoot an evergreen, egghead. (4)
8. Partial individuals died confused. (3-5)
12. Fabricating it, or going about town plumply with an irritating shock of blond hair and your short-fingered hands on what purse strings anymore? (8,2,2)
15. Carelessly tending one type of defendant who's poorly defended. (8)
17. If you give the guards one, you'll do it. (4,4)
18. Colossal to use moron somehow. (8)
19. Fellow back from beach digression. (7)
21. Mixing it, Anne, is genetic. (6)
24. Fold of thieves' monk. (4)

Answers appear on page 69.

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